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EDUCATION.

The following is the speech of President Young, delivered before the Education Convention, at Frankfort Kentucky, in January last. We copy it from the last number of the Western Monthly Magazine.

USEFUL EDUCATION A PECUNIARY GAIN TO A COUNTRY.

GENTLEMEN:—You have assembled here not for amusement, but for business—not for the furtherance of some frivolous or temporary project, but for the advancement of one of the noblest and most important causes which ever enlisted the sympathies or elicited the exertions of patriots or philanthropists. Assembled as you are for such a purpose, I feel that I would insult your understandings and be rebuked by your merited contempt, if, for the language of sober argument, I presented you with the frippery of vague and empty declamation. I know that you demand facts not flowers, reason not rhetoric, proofs not poetry: and if I fail in attempting to inform your judgments by facts and arguments, I promise you that, at least, I will not be guilty of sinning against your taste by an unreasonable address to your fancies.

Kentucky, as a state, has heretofore done nothing efficient for the cause of popular education. Yet I confidently believe that the day will arrive, when, by the universal diffusion of science through her borders, all her sons shall be as plants grown up in their youth, and her daughters shall be as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace. Stranger changes than this have taken place, since the rifle of the adventurous hunter first rung through the woods of the 'dark and bloody ground.' That energetic and restless spirit which existed in the bosoms of our fathers, and subdued the wilderness as well as the savage, is not dead—it is not even asleep. The effects of its daily activity are multiplying around us; and we need only direct it upon this great object to see all our desires speedily accomplished. Let no one from our past supineness infer our future failure. Many circumstances have combined to thrust the subject of general education from the mind of the community—they have not thought, and consequently have not felt and acted upon it. Patient and active exertion, on the part of its friends, is alone wanting to ensure the success of this cause. We can predict its triumph from the recent wondrous progress of knowledge, whose extension within these few years past reminds us of the poet's description of the fabled goddess, whose creeping form expanded by its own motion, until, as she walked upon the earth, her head was hidden in the clouds. We are not in a corner of the earth that this growing influence should not reach us—it has been felt among us, and will be felt still more strongly, impelling us to action. But we predict this triumph, with still more certainty, from an acquaintance with the character of our people. They are too liberal in sentiment, to object to great undertakings because they are novel—they are too generous, to disregard the welfare of those who are to come after them—they are too sensible of the value of knowledge, to bequeath to their children an inheritance of ignorance—they are too intelligent, not to perceive their own true interests when plainly set before them—they are too wise, to hoard when an enlightened economy teaches them to expend.

Let us only present the subject in all its aspects before this community, and I have no fear for the result.

I leave to one who is hereafter to address you—and who is far more competent to such a work—the task of displaying the political and social advantages of a system of universal education, while I confine my efforts to a single point, hitherto, so far as I have seen, untouched—the pecuniary gain of such a system.

The first, and I might say, the only objection ever urged against the plan of furnishing a good teacher to every neighborhood, and thus providing every child with the means of instruction, is, that it is expensive. But if we can show that the expense of education is like the outlay of the farmer for his implements of husbandry, of the mechanic for his tools, of the manufacturer for his machinery, and of the physician for his drugs—that is the sacrifice of a small portion of our present wealth to secure a great future accession; if we can show this, we prove the folly of a stinted and niggardly expenditure—we prove, that such a liberal provision as will secure universal and thorough education, is a nation's best economy. Thus, if we succeed in our proof, we not only plant our foot on this objection and crush it to atoms, but on its very ruins we construct the

strongest argument in behalf of our system—an argument that appeals to the self-interest of the community—an argument that addresses itself to one of the ruling passions of mankind, the love of wealth.

1st. *A system of universal and sound education would increase the wealth of our state by its effects in our legislation.* Some laws give health and strength and growth to a community; while others disorder, enfeeble, and dwarf it. If unwise, they bind it hand and foot, and cripple its energies; if wise, they give force and direction to its powers, and impel it on to prosperity. 'I cannot play,' was the noble answer of the Grecian statesman to one who handed him a musical instrument. 'I cannot play, but I can make a small state a great one.' He knew the powers of his intellect, and understood the efficacy of those laws and regulations which his genius enabled him to devise. Of the extent to which even one act of legislation may increase the resources of a country, and advance its prosperity, we have a recent and signal instance. By a single resolution, a few years since, the state of New York gave to her citizens the wealth of an empire. By her bold and far-sighted policy she created in her own bosom, treasures greater than are contained in the mines of Potosi. Hundreds of years of ordinary progressive prosperity would not have advanced her to the situation she now holds, in consequence of a solitary enactment. In a few years she will possess within herself more wealth, population and power, than could have been found, fifty years ago, in all the states of this wide confederacy. A single unwise law, on the other hand, may for a time, bankrupt a nation. In proof of this assertion, I need only refer you to those numerous instances, which history furnishes, of kings and legislatures depreciating the currency of a country, thus destroying public confidence, damming up the channels of trade, paralyzing industry, stagnating capital, and spreading distress and ruin over the land. Take one more instance of the destructive effects of foolish legislation. By the English poor laws, farms, in some parts of England, which yield \$1500 per annum rent, are taxed \$1000 per annum for the support of the poor—in other words, the landholder pays two dollars out of every three of his income to support paupers. And, what is worse, by the report of the commissioners appointed, last session, by the house of commons, it appears that this system, so ruinous to owners of property, is equally pernicious to the poor themselves, destroying their industry, forethought, economy, honesty, and comfort. But it is too evident a truth to need further illustration, that a nation is often impoverished or enriched by its laws.

Let us consider the effect of universal and sound education on legislation. In a free country good laws can only be the result of general intelligence among the people. For such laws are not the offspring of chance, but of wisdom. The greatest philosopher that ever lived, and one of the greatest statesmen, has told us that good laws are 'deep not vulgar, not made on the spur of a particular occasion, but out of providence for the future.' Laws of this kind can never be enacted but by wise men. And to secure wise men as their representatives the people must be intelligent.

Further, if a whole community were well educated, there would be a probability of obtaining good legislators, much greater than now exists, as there would then be a much greater mass of intelligent men capable of discharging the duty of legislation. Out of thousands of educated men it would be easy to select those who would be competent, from their talents and qualifications, to take large and remote views of all the interests of the country, and thus secure its prosperity.

Laws are also the emanation of the intellect of a community in another sense, besides their being framed by those whom the community appoints. For few legislators will ever favor a law which they cannot justify in the eyes of their constituents. And if we had the wisest legislators that ever assembled, their wisdom would avail us little, if the people were ignorant and prejudiced. We would verify in our case, the truth of the biting remark which Anacharsis made to the Athenian lawgiver, on that part of his code by which a small and choice body of counsellors was appointed to deliberate and prepare business on which the assembly of the people was to act. 'Solon,' said the cavstic Scythian, 'you have wise men to deliberate, and fools to decide.' If a people are governed by superficial appearances and appeals to their prejudices and passions; if they have not intelligence sufficient to appreciate the solid reasons on which all salutary and far-reaching enactments are based—that people must be content with laws the reverse of those which

Bacon applauds—their laws must be vulgar not deep, made on the spur of the occasion and not out of providence for the future.

If, then, the history of both our own and former ages teaches us that nations are often ground to the earth by bad legislation, while they are even ignorant of the cause of their distress, and so can do nothing to remove it; and if we are taught that a wise and provident legislation often opens sources of wealth through which millions annually flow into community,—I appeal to every reasonable man, whether that diffusion of intelligence which would secure our children from the curse of ignorant legislators, and ensure to them the services of enlightened men, would not be cheaply purchased at the utmost expense which the universal and thorough education of our youth could involve?

(To be continued.)

A MOTHER'S INSTRUCTION.—The following quotation from an Address of the Principal of the Flushing Institute, Rev. Dr. Muhlenburgh, should be laid to the heart of every mother.

We are often asked, "What kind of boys do you want?" To this question the theory of our institution furnishes an answer. Give us such boys as have been blessed with the instructions of a pious mother. This is a qualification for which no substitute can be found on earth. Never would we despair of the child who has been used in infancy to hear prospects of heavenly truth inculcated in the accents of maternal love. Truths thus instilled live forever in the memory. They are interwoven with all the sensibilities of the soul. They are the fortress of conscience; not impregnable, it is true, but indestructible. They furnish the mind with chords which in latter life seldom fail to vibrate to the touch of faithful expostulation. They are an inextinguishable spark, which after being seemingly smothered, under a heap of corruption, may be kindled by the breath of a friendly and spiritual counsel into the pure and genial flame of piety. The child of a mother's prayers, said St. Augustine, (and may we not believe it?) is never lost. It is those children who have been dedicated to their Maker under the auspices of a pious and vigilant mother, whose education we should esteem it a happy and useful vocation to continue. While on the other hand we should deem it an act of temerity equally hopeless and presumptuous, to become responsible for the youth in whose mind a mother's voice was connected with no other associations than those of apathy to religion and devotedness to the character and frivolities of the world. [Flushing Journal.]

DISCOVERY OF THE PROPERTIES OF STEAM.—The person who first considered the properties of steam philosophically was Papin, a physician, born at Blois, who visited England in 1680, and became curator to the Royal Society. The *Digester*, which he constructed the next year, exemplified the enormous elastic force that steam acquires when heated and confined. As a source of power he proposed atmospheric pressure, by forming a vacuum either by the inflammation of gunpowder, or the condensation of steam. Precluded by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes from returning to France, he accepted, in 1687, an invitation from the Prince of Hesse to a chair in the university of Marburg. There he extended his plans, but found no helps to carry them into execution. The superior skill of English artists transferred the palm of invention. Newcomen, a blacksmith, and Cawley, a glazier, natives of Dartmouth in Devonshire, by their united studies and labors, produced the atmospheric, or fire engine in 1705; but, to prevent opposition, they associated in their patent a naval officer, Savery, who had a few years before contrived a very imperfect machine, which acted, however, by alternate expansion and condensation. Accident suggested the injection of cold water with the steam vessel, instead of external effusion. Beighton simplified the mode of opening and shutting the valves, and improved the whole machinery; and in the course of half a century, the fire engine was adopted in all the coal mines. At this epoch the genius of Watt, guided by sound judgment, and urged by unremitting application, effected in less than forty years a complete change in the powers of mechanism. His steady purpose was to reform the principle of the steam engine, and to reduce its composition to mathematical precision. He began with performing the condensation in a vessel distinct from the working cylinder; and he next excluded atmospheric pressure, and merely employed the alternate action of expanding and contracting steam.—But to pursue his career of invention might demand a separate disquisition. [Enc. Brit. new ed. Prof. Leslie's Dissertation.]

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.—From Mr. Sprague's Address before the Massachusetts Society for suppressing intemperance:—

"The common calamities of life may be endured. Poverty, sickness, and even death itself may be met; but there is that which, while it brings all these with it, is worse than all these together. When the husband and the father forgets the duties he once delighted to fulfil, and by slow degrees becomes the creature of intemperance, there enters into his home the sorrow that rends her spirit, that will not be alleviated, that will not be comforted.

It is here, above all, where she who has ventured every thing is lost. Woman, suffering woman! here bends to her direst affliction. The measure of her woe, in truth, is full, whose husband is a drunkard. Who shall protect her when he is her insulter, her oppressor?—What shall delight her, when she shrinks from the sight of his face, and trembles at the sound of his voice? The hearth is indeed dark that he has made desolate. There, in the dull hour of midnight, her griefs are known only to herself, her bruised heart bleeds in secret. There, while the cruel author of her distress is drowned in distant revelry, she holds her solitary vigil, waiting, yet dreading his return, that will only wring from her, by his unkindness, tears even more scalding than those shed over his transgressions. They fling a deeper gloom across the present; memory turns back and broods upon the past. Like the recollection of the sun-stricken pilgrim, other days come over her, as if only to mock her parched and weary spirit.

"She recalls the ardent lover, whose graces won her from the home of her infancy, the enraptured father who bent with such delight over her new-born children; asks if this can really be him! this sunken being who has nothing for her but a sot's disgusting brutality; nothing for these abashed and trembling children, but the sot's disgusting example! Can we wonder that amidst these agonizing moments the tender chords of violated affection should burst asunder? That the scorned and deserted wife should confess, 'there is no killing like that which kills the heart.' That though it would have been hard for her to kiss for the last time the cold lips of her dear husband, and lay his body forever in the dust, it is harder to behold him so debased in life, that even his death would be greeted in mercy? Had he died in the light of his goodness, bequeathing to his family the inheritance of an untarnished name, the example of virtues that should blossom for his sons and daughters from the tomb; though she would have wept bitterly indeed, the tears of the state she once adorned, degraded from eminence to ignominy, at home, turning his dwelling to darkness, and its holy endearments to mockery; abroad, thrust from the companionship of the worthy; self-branded as an outlaw; this is the woe the wife feels, and is more painful than death; this she mourns over as worse than widowhood."

ACCELERATION OF THE PULSE IN DEAF AND DUMB PERSONS EXPOSED TO A HIGH TEMPERATURE.—Professor Remardino, mayor of Geneva, in feeling the pulse of persons covered with the fire-proof metallic coats, and exposed to the flames for some minutes, constantly found, that, with those deaf and dumb, the pulse was increased twenty or thirty beats in a minute more than ordinary; whilst with persons enjoying the sense of hearing, the pulse was augmented sixty beats, and even more. From the preceding experiment the following question arises:—Does congenital deafness tend to diminish the organic sensibility? or does it so happen, that individuals endowed from their birth with a slight degree of sensibility, cannot, on this account, enjoy the sense of hearing? [Med. and Surg. Journal.]

DEAF BUT NOT DUMB.—The Abbe Jamet, director of the hospital of Bon Sauveur, lately exhibited at the Academy of Caen a deaf youth, whom he has so successfully tutored as to render him capable of speaking with tolerable correctness. Many members of the Academy addressed the youth through the medium of his learned instructor, and put questions to him regarding his age and the course of his studies, all of which he answered without the least hesitation. The tone of his voice had a most striking, not to say unnatural effect, and would have seemed to issue from an automaton, but for the motion of his chest, and the play of the organs of articulation. M. Jamet entered into some details explanatory of the manner in which this extraordinary result had been attained. His practice was first to draw on paper a mouth, and trace out the tongue in all the necessary positions for the emission of different sounds. Many of these, and especially the nasal sounds, he had great difficulty in teaching his pupil. It took him six months to master the liquids, &c. and it is observable that this is the sound which he pronounces with the least distinctness. The youth is so entirely deaf as not to hear even the loudest thunder; but when a carriage passes through the street, he says he perceives a noise beneath his feet. He is the nephew of Cardinal Lafaure, is eighteen years of age, and has a countenance expressive of much intelligence.

STUDY AND PRESERVATION OF FLOWERS.—The beautiful art of conversing by means of flowers, says the Brooklyn Daily Advertiser, is beginning to attract considerable

attention, and we are right glad to learn is fast growing into favor with our fair countrywomen; the idea—and a refined and novel one it is, surely—is presumed to have originated with those poetical and luxurious inhabitants of the East, among whom, observed Lady Emily Wortley Montague, "no fruit or flower is without its sentiment." It is to this simple and delicate mode of communication that Byron alluded,

"By all those token-flowers, that tell
What words can never speak so well."

The study of the "language of flowers" we should imagine a "delightful task;" in truth, it is one peculiarly adapted to the gentler sex, and we here take the liberty to advise our many friends and readers who would claim affinity or belong to the fair portion of creation, to give it a thought, if not a modicum of their attention, for we are confident it will serve to while away a weary hour agreeably, and a knowledge of this original language of love is quite as easily acquired as the passion itself.

An elegant little work entitled "The Moral of Flowers," edited by a highly accomplished lady of Baltimore, that was to appear monthly, made its debut very opportunely some time since, to which we then directed attention, and regret not to have received a second number; its purpose was to convey a knowledge of the meaning attached to each flower, so that with trifling difficulty, a familiar interchange of thought, or a secret correspondence might be kept up merely by the exchange of bouquets or nosegays. We shall be happy to learn of its success, and cheerfully commend it to every lady, as a becoming ornament for the drawing room or boudoir.

Since penning the above, we have discovered a clever article on this delicate subject, containing a few hints that are worth preserving as well as reading:—

Flowers.—"All that's bright must fade," but the execution of this decree may often be arrested for a time by a little care, in the same degree that its fulfilment may be hurried by neglect, or prematurely accomplished by absolute violence. We only meant to treat of flowers, but the like remark will apply to "all that's bright,"—beauty, wit, genius, love, friendship, fame, and fortune. At present, we are chiefly solicitous that our fair readers should know, if they do not already, how flowers may be preserved fresh in the parlor. These beautiful children of the earth soon wither after plucking, chiefly because their moisture evaporates, and to supply this, we immerse the stems in water, but without the full effect. They should be sprinkled with that element, and covered with a glass shade or vessel—they will thus keep fresh for several days. The cover should be much larger than the flowers, or the moisture will be exhaled. A vase may be thus beautiful with fresh natural flowers. We have a passion for them—they are the poetry of the earth—the inaudible harmonists of nature, breathing forth a perfumed music; various in note and gorgeous in plumage as the winged minstrels of our woods and gardens."

THE HAPPY MATCH.

"Now," said Harry Hemphill to his young wife, when they went to housekeeping, "it's my business to bring money into the house, and yours to see that none goes foolishly out of it." This was the agreement with which they set forward in the world. He chose her, first, because he loved her, and in the second place, because he knew she was sensible, economical and industrious—just the reasons which influence a sensible man in his choice now. And he thought it best that each should have a distinct sphere of action. Their interests were one and indivisible—consequently, each had the same motives to act well the allotted part. His business called for his whole attention; he wished, therefore, to pursue it undistracted by other cares—for himself, he looked for happiness only at home; there he expected a supply for all his wants, and he was of course not disposed to spend any thing abroad, in pursuit of what he thought every reasonable man ought to look for in the bosom of his own family. Her duties being all domestic, she was able to compass them the better by turning her whole attention to them. Her husband's business doing habits—his temperate and correct life, had all the power of example, increasing her esteem, and doubling her anxiety to deserve his.

They married without waiting to get rich—they neither distrusted Providence nor each other. With little besides health, a disposition to improve it, they nevertheless had that strong confidence of final success, which prudent resolutions inspire in those who feel that they have perseverance enough to adhere to them. Thus they began in the world.

To attach a man to his home, it is necessary that that home should have attractions. Harry Hemphill's had. There he sought repose after the toil and weariness of the day, and there he found it. When perplexed and low spirited, he retired thither, and amid the soothing influence of its quiet and peaceful shades, he forgot the heartlessness of the world, and all the wrongs of men. When things went ill with him, he found always a solace in the sunshine of affection, that in the domestic circle beamed upon him, and dispelled every cloud from his brow. However others treated him there was all kindness, confidence, and affection; if others deceived him, and hypocrisy, with its shameless face, smiled on him to delude and injure him, there all

was sincerity—that sincerity of the heart which makes amends for suffering, and wins the troubled spirit from misanthropy.

Nothing so directly tends to make a good wife, a good housekeeper, a good domestic economist, as that kindness on the part of the husband which speaks the language of approbation, and that careful and well-directed industry which thrives and gives strong promise that her care and prudence will have a favorable issue. And Mary Hemphill had this token and this assurance.

Harry devoted himself to business with steady purpose and untiring zeal: he obtained credit by his plain and honest dealing—custom by his faithful punctuality and constant care—friends by his obliging deportment and accommodating disposition. He gained the reputation of being the best workman in the village; none were ever deceived who trusted to his word. He always drove his business a little beforehand; for, he said, "things go better when the cart gets before the horse." I noticed once a little incident which illustrated his character: A thrifty old farmer was accosted in the road at the end of the village by a youngster who was making a great dash in business, and who wanted to borrow a few hundred dollars. The wily old man was perfectly ignorant where it could be had, and slid off from him as soon as he could. He rode directly down to Hemphill, and told him he had a few hundred dollars to loan, and wished he would take it; the payments should be easy; just such as would suit. Indeed, replied Harry, you have come to a bad market—I have a little cash to spare myself, and have been looking round these two weeks for a good opportunity of putting it out.

While Harry was prospering in his business, all went like clock-work at home; the family expenditures were carefully made—not a farthing was wasted, not a scrap lost—the furniture was all neat and useful rather than ornamental—the table plain, frugal, but wholesome and well spread—little went either to the seamstress or the tailor—no extravagance in dress, no costly company keeping, no useless waste of time in careless visiting, and yet the whole neighborhood praised Mary Hemphill, and loved her; she was kind without dissipation—and few people lived more comfortably, none more economically.

The results of such management can never disappoint the expectations to which it looks. Even the angry frowns of misfortune is almost put at defiance. Advantage-ground is soon gained which the storm seldom reaches. And the full reward comes in the proper time to crown the meed of lives thus spent.

The magic of Harry's tools was in full play on the morning that I left the village for a distant residence. It was not yet sunrise. And as the coach bore me rapidly past the cool and quiet residence of the villager, I saw the door was open and the breakfast smoking on the table. Mary in her neat morning dress and white apron, blooming in health and loveliness, was busy, amid her household affairs; and a stranger who chanced to be my fellow passenger to the city, observed it, and said, "there is a thriving family, my word for it." And he spoke well. There are certain signs always perceptible about those who are working things right, that cannot be mistaken by the most casual observer.

On my return to Alesbury, many years afterwards, I noticed a beautiful country residence on the banks of the river, surrounded by all the elegance of wealth and taste. Richly cultivated fields stretched themselves on every side as far as the eye could reach—and flocks and herds were scattered in every direction. It was a splendid scene; the sun was just setting behind the western hills, and while a group of neatly-dressed children sported on the adjacent school-house green, the mellow notes of the flute mingled with their rosy mirth. "There," said an old friend, lives Harry Hemphill; that is his farm, those are his cattle, here is his school house, and these are his own, and some orphan children of his adoption, whom he educates at his own expense; having made a noble fortune by his industry and prudence, he spends his large income in deeds of charity, and he and Mary mutually gave each other the credit of doing this.

My heart expanded then—it expands still when I think of them—and I pen their simple history in the hope, that as it is entirely imitable, some who read it will attempt to imitate it.

GAMING.—Of all the passions gaming is the most dangerous and inexcusable. A gamester endeavors to enrich himself with the spoils of those he calls his friends. But how many armies are in arms against him. Behold the mother, how her tears reproach him for the ruin of her only son! The father pronounces his name with horror and contempt to his children! Pursued by hatred, and overwhelmed by calumny, he feels himself condemned by reason and humanity, and after wandering long in the mazes of vice, he finds nothing before his eyes but ruin and remorse.

WIT DEARLY BOUGHT.—I will tell you, said a man, not long since, when conversing with a friend on the subject of temperance: I will tell you how much it cost me to open my eyes on this subject. I commenced house-keeping with a barrel of New Rum on the tap. I continued in this way, till I had trained up my eldest son to be a drunkard. Then my eyes were opened.

AN INDIAN BEAUTY.—[From "Sketches of the Pawnees, by a correspondent of the New York American."] The rest of the party then commenced their march in Indian file across the river, keeping in a line with the tall Indian, who led the way across the ford. Most of the party followed the guide; but the horses of some of us grew restive, and missing the ford, we drifted a short distance down the stream. Here we reached a small island, and scrambling up its bank, we galloped across to the opposite side. Here we found the young wife of the Iotan, Chief of the Otoe Indians, standing in the edge of the water. She was about twenty, tall and finely formed, and her face, next to that of the wife of the Kioway Indian, was the most beautiful of any of the Indian females we had ever met with. Her hair was parted across her forehead, and hung down upon her shoulders; a small jacket of blue cloth was fastened around her shoulders and breast, and a mantle of the same was fastened around her body. They had been presented to her by the Commissioners but a few days before. She was standing upon a small sand bar, and the water was gurgling around her feet; a short distance in front of her the deep channel was rushing with a powerful current. She looked at the water and then at her dress with an expression of almost childish sorrow. To swim the river would ruin them; the Indians had all reached the opposite bank, and were waiting for the rest to come up, so that there was no assistance to be expected from them.

Just then the hunters dashed by her into the deep channel; they did not even notice her; they were used to such sights. I was the last of the party, and she knew it; for though we could not speak the same language, there was an imploring expression in her large dark eye as she fixed it upon me, that told every thing. Still I hesitated. I thought of pushing on; there was a powerful struggle between selfishness and a desire to assist her; she saw it, and speaking a few words in her own silvery tongue, she at the same time pointed to her new dress.

There was something so sorrowful in the tone and gesture, that I could not resist it. I took my rifle in my left hand, and reaching out my right, she seized it; she placed her foot upon mine, and with a sudden bound she was upon the back of my horse, stooping behind me with her arms around my neck. The horse on which we were mounted was so long accustomed to have his own way in every thing, that he grew very indignant at this new imposition, no doubt looking upon it as an infringement upon his prerogative—but a heavy plunge of the spur subdued his wrath, and he bounded forward into the rushing river. He was a powerful beast, and took to the water like a sea fowl; the river rushed and roared around us with an almost dazzling velocity, and we could feel the strong nervous quivering of his limbs, as he bore up against its violent impetus. But occasionally, as he went snorting along, he cast back spiteful glances at his riders; I expected mischief, and it came to pass. We felt his hoofs touch the bottom—three leaps—he was up the bank—his heels flew in the air—the arms of the squaw were jerked violently from my neck, and I saw her form describing a somersault through the air; she landed upon her feet and received no injury. The Indians raised a shout of laughter, and the relieved horse now being satisfied, commenced his journey towards the Republican village.

PREJUDICE.—Prejudice operates upon the mind as color does upon the glass through which we look upon an object, giving it that particular indistinctness and tint which is natural and the color which stains it. The intellects of many are like so many varied colored mirrors, each reflecting the subjects presented to it, according to the tastes, antipathies and errors it has imbibed, and of course, the impression it receives varies in proportion to its recedure from or advancement to the truth. Now, before the light of the latter can break in upon such a mind, it must first be willingly turned towards the rays of the guiding luminary, or it will only resemble a dark cavern turned away from the light of the sun. It must feel conscious that it knows comparatively nothing; it must empty itself of all its preconceived notions and mistakes, and examine and seek after information in the spirit of a little child, who is anxious after instruction. All this is hard, very hard to perform to those who are wrapped up in the ignis fatuus of their vanity and ignorance; and this is the very reason why there are so many victims of their prejudices and errors, as they find it much easier to follow the current of their despotic humor, than to overcome themselves, and love and pursue truth for its own intrinsic value.

DANIEL WEBSTER.—Extract from an Address delivered at Taunton, on the 4th of July, by the Hon. F. Baylies.

On the deck of the ship of State, there is one man—a veteran mariner, inured to storms and tempests—the breakers are around—the shore is on the lee—the waves are rising on the watery waste of the desert sands—the thunder and the winds are rolling in concert, each rising over each, in mastery of sound; in these moments of appalling peril, when the officers are skulking, he seizes the helm; the ship shoots through the spray, and the foam and the spindrift, and soon finds safety and sea room.

Amidst the din and wild uproar of discordant passions, the

voice of one man is heard like the clang of the trumpet—a voice that is not only heard, but felt. In the deepest fountains of his heart, the political sinner feels it. Like electricity, it touches the living wickedness—the nest of serpents that are brooding there, and they die.

Yes, there is one man who can trace the exact line between factiousness and liberty; between constitutional power and incipient usurpation, and can sustain, with a giant's strength, the just authority of the government, and the rights of the people.

If contending factions should undermine the temple of liberty; when it falls, one man will be found waving the banner of the Constitution over the ruins, and like the last of the Romans, the name of DANIEL WEBSTER will be left for the veneration of unborn ages. And what a name! In far distant lands have I heard it. In lands upon which the star of the North has never shone—under the clouds of Magellan, under the cross of the South, that name, like Washington, came like a sunbeam into the darkness.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—Dr. Fothergill, the botanist, when about purchasing a property which would leave a poor family destitute, "that nothing would afford gratification to him which entailed misery upon another," and gave the property to them.

NEGRO'S JUBILEE.—The intelligence from Jamaica, says the N. Y. Baptist Register, is of a promising character in regard to the effect of the emancipation law. The conduct of the colored people has been thus far decent and orderly. It would indeed be a matter of gratitude to God if this tranquillity should continue. Mr. Colton, the London correspondent of the New York Observer, thinks the only feasible project for the United States to emancipate the slaves within their jurisdiction, is to purchase them at the fair market price value. The whole cost would probably be not more than three times as much as the cost of the war with Great Britain. We make the following extract from his letter:

THE NEGRO'S JUBILEE.

London, August 1, 1834.—This is a proud day for Great Britain, a humiliating one for my country. To-day 800,000 of British slaves, that were slaves are slaves no more! To-day Britain proclaims a universal jubilee to all beneath her sceptre. It need be said, "The man who steps his foot on these British isles is free." It may now be said, the man who comes within British jurisdiction, be it on these isles, be it in America, North or South, be it in Africa, be it in the Indies, East or West, be it any where, in whatever latitude, longitude or clime, is free! In Britain principle has triumphed over power. Christianity, so Mr. Stanley confessed when he brought in the bill, and declared that it must be passed, christianity has fought the battle, and gained the victory. Christianity cannot endure slavery. Christianity has all the responsibility and all the glory of the achievement.

To-day Britons rejoice, and send up their symphonies to heaven, in unison with the thanksgivings of the liberated, the emancipated negro. To-day Britain extends her hand to this hitherto *abject*, and says, "My child!" To-day Britannia's sons and daughters together hold out their hands to the hitherto *abject*, and say "Our brother! our sister! our fellow subject! Yesterday he was a slave, to-day he is a man! To-day he is under protection of laws, and no longer the victim of a master's caprice. To-day he can stand up in the dignity of a man, and assert and claim the rights of a man."

Blush my country! for thou art behind! I am ashamed for thee; I have been ashamed to-day; I could not appear in public and hold up my head. In the midst of the rejoicings of this day, I heard a—"But"—"But"—"But!" "What?" thought I, "what is coming now?" "But—America!" I dropped my head; I felt the deep blush of shame come over me; I imagined alleyes were upon me; I knew that many were. An American ashamed of his country! In the presence of Britons, ashamed!

To the Editor of the Literary Inquirer.

Sir,—Having been invited by the Anti-Slavery Committee of this place; to lecture on the subject of Slavery, and notice having been publicly given that I should do so on Monday evening, 29th inst., I deem it due to the cause of justice and humanity, which I am advocating, to offer the following lines to the public:

I heard in the course of Monday, that the Trustees of the Baptist church, having been threatened with a mob of the New York city description, had resolved to prevent the lecture, by keeping the church closed. I was unwilling to believe a report so disgraceful to Buffalo, especially as I was informed that the Mayor of the city is a decided friend of liberty and order; at all events, I felt it my duty to be on the spot at the appointed time. I therefore went to the Baptist church, at 7 o'clock. I found it closed and learnt that it was by authority of the trustees. The only reason which has been directly given me, is, the *terror of a mob*. But why a mob? Why should the people of Buffalo reject the lawful and peaceful discussion of Slavery? Are they told that I am a foreigner? Well; why should a foreigner's information be rejected, by a country, which is the progeny and the asylum of foreigners? Why should they reject a foreigner's influence against Slavery, when to a foreigner's influence against slavery, they are in a measure indebted for their own freedom? La Fayette was a foreigner—but he stood by the cause of liberty in this country with a native's zeal, and with the disinterestedness of a generous mind. Why should a similar zeal and a similar disinterestedness, in the same glorious cause, with motives as vastly more sacred and more urgent, as personal liberty is than political, now appear an outrage to this free and powerful people?

Are they told that I want to propagate rebellion and dissent? But do they not know that the regular course of law is amply sufficient to prevent or punish any such transgression? Or are they so afraid of a lonely foreigner that they dare not leave him to the laws? Or do they think that breaking the laws, is the best way to testify love to law? Do they think that breaking the peace is the best way to preserve the peace, or do they not know, that whatever crushes the free and lawful discussion of public questions, is a dagger in the heart of liberty? Do they not know, that one of the oldest and worst and most constant devices of the enemies of freedom, all over the world is to prevent or hamper free discussion?

Should I, or any man, put forth any thing unreasonable, is there not talent enough in the country to detect and expose it, without breaking the peace for that purpose? If we put forth any thing unreasonable, is there not law? Is there not power enough to punish us, without a mob? Or is this the character which the people wish to give of their country, that while the monarchs of Europe are learning to respect the liberties of their people, and to leave debate on public questions free; the republic of the United States is turning a many headed Emperor, and demolishing the main pillar of liberty itself?

I am not willing to believe, but that the terrors of the trustees were groundless. I am not willing to believe that with such a man as the present Mayor for its head, there could be any danger of a mob in this city, especially when he had warning of the threat—or that the people of this city, if left to themselves, would so disgrace their country, their profession and their manhood.

I am a foreigner—but most of my nearest relations are in this state; many of my dearest friends are in these states; of the last twenty years, I have spent about ten in these states and in Canada. With the single disgraceful and terrible exception of Slavery, I feel as much at home here as in my own country. I am a licensed minister of the Oneida Presbytery of this state; and am a life member of several of the most important of its benevolent institutions. I am not any body's emissary; I receive no salary; God has given me a little independence; and it is my soul's delight to spend it in the service of the poor, the suffering, and the oppressed. Let the manhood, the common sense of the people answer, without being dictated to, by the spirit or by the influence of Slave masters or their associates, and the peace will have nothing to fear.

I have the pleasure to add, that I have just been invited to Springfield in this neighborhood; and that I trust to have the honor of conducting to the formation of an association there, for the immediate and total abolition of United States' Slavery.

The advice of Gamaliel in Acts. v. 33—39 seems especially to belong to us at this time. If the Anti-Slavery effort be of God, outrage and prosecution will only encourage and strengthen it—it cannot be overcome! If not, it will come to naught of itself, without exposing any body to the disgrace of breaking the laws in order to crush it.

Buffalo, 30th Sept. 1834.

C. STUART.

WALDIE'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY. A weekly re-publication, in the large quarto form of the better class of popular works. It is accompanied by a weekly 'Journal of Belles Lettres,' which, while it serves as a protection to the library, affords a large amount of matter of a valuable and entertaining description. The selections are made with judgment and taste—and the work is admirably executed. That the plan adopted of sifting the current literature of the day, and issuing books entire in a periodical form, affords facilities for the dissemination of good literature, greater than any other in existence, (to say nothing of the immense reduction of prices,) none will gain say; its feasibility struck every one on its first announcement. To those subscribers who obtain by forming clubs of five individuals, at the rate of \$4.00 per year, the sixteen quarto pages cost less than six cents. Published weekly, and subscriptions solicited at \$5 per year, by Adam Waldie, Philadelphia.

The KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE having passed into the hands of Lewis Gaylord Clark and Clement M. Edson, will hereafter be published in an improved style, and with punctuality, on the 1st of every month. No exertion nor expense will be spared to render the work creditable to American literature, and worthy of liberal encouragement and support. The assistance of many of the ablest pens in the country has been secured in its behalf; and as this Magazine will hereafter depend for success rather upon its merits, than upon constant announcements of the future excellence to which it is to attain, it will be submitted to its patrons, with a hope that previous prejudice against it may be suspended, should it now prove deserving of public favor. The terms of this Magazine are five dollars per annum in advance. All letters and papers relating to the Knickerbocker should be addressed (post paid) to Clark & Edson.

The NORTH AMERICAN MAGAZINE, Sumner L. Fairfield, editor, is devoted particularly to American literature, but will also contain brief reviews of foreign works and extracts of merit. Tales, sketches of scenery and manners, biographical and critical notices, poetry, an ana or table talk, the fine arts, and record of occurrences, with reviews of all new works, constitute a portion of the entertainment which is presented in this periodical. All litigated questions, either of politics, religion, or the learned professions are carefully avoided; and all merely personal rivalry or animosity excluded from the pages of this magazine. The magazine is published in Philadelphia during the first week of every month. Each number contains sixty-four royal octavo pages, well printed on superior paper, and stitched in covers. The price is five dollars per annum, payable in advance.

The WESTERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE, conducted by James Hall, and devoted to literature and science, is published during the first week of every month. Terms, three dollars and fifty cents, payable in six months, or three dollars in advance. A payment made between the 1st of January and the 1st July, in any year, will be considered in advance for that year; and in all cases where payment shall be delayed until after the 1st of July, the additional fifty cents will be charged. No subscription will be received for less than a year, or discontinued until the close of a year, but subscribers may commence their year with any month they please. No subscriber will be considered as having the right to discontinue his subscription, unless he shall have paid up all arrears, and given notice before the expiration of the year. Published by Taylor & Tracy, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The CINCINNATI MIRROR is published every Saturday morning, on a fine super royal sheet, in the quarto form; convenient for being bound. The subscription price is two dollars and fifty cents a year, payable in advance; three dollars payable any time within six months after the time of subscribing. Shreve & Gallagher, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The WESTERN MEDICAL GAZETTE, printed monthly, by A. Pugh, at Cincinnati, Ohio, for Dr. Silas Reed, Proprietor. Price, three dollars a year, in advance.

The BIBLICA REPERTORY, and THEOLOGICAL REVIEW; conducted by an association of gentlemen in Princeton, New Jersey, and published Quarterly in January, April, July and October, by William S. Martien, No. 9, George street, Philadelphia. Each number contains about one hundred and fifty pages octavo. Price, Three dollars per annum, in advance, or three dollars and fifty cents, if paid during the year.

The HARTFORD PEARL and LITERARY GAZETTE, edited by Isaac C. Pray, jun. and devoted to original and selected tales, legends, essays, travelling, literary and historical sketches, biography, poetry, &c. is published every Wednesday, in Hartford, Conn., at three dollars per annum, two dollars for six months, payable in advance.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN MAN AND THE HIGHEST ORDER OF ANIMALS.—Man alone reflects and reasons; he alone assists the operations of his own understanding; considers his thoughts; reviews the conduct of his past life; recalls events, over which time may have thrown its mellowing tints, or invested with the darkness of oblivion; investigates his most secret motives; carries his scrutiny where none but his own, and the piercing eye of Omniscience can penetrate; passes judgment upon his own actions; blames or approves, praises or condemns; he alone it is, who can remove from his mind those ideas which might embarrass his progress, or obstruct his pursuit after truth; he alone possesses the power of accumulating and preserving the result of his meditations, and of so variously associating and combining them, as to discover new paths for the operation of his intelligence, and by the aid of memory and selection to render these several combinations available for the government of himself, and for the guidance and direction of his conduct towards others: he alone it is, who possesses that internal principle which informs him he shall never die; a principle which, though imprisoned in a material tabernacle, and depending on it for manifestations, is nevertheless immaterial, and possesses an independent existence; a principle whose energies are now repressed by its intimate alliance with the body, but which even here is destined to exert a certain influence over that body during its probationary state of existence, and afterwards to survive the wreck of its earthly tabernacle; to escape from the cloud of mortality which invests and obscures and perverts its agency, and only to acquire its full powers in the atmosphere of heaven, and in the light of the Sun of Righteousness. It is the possession of this principle, which constitutes man a moral, an accountable being; which not only raises him in the scale of animated existence by the extent of his intelligence; makes him to differ from the most sagacious animals which surround him, by the superadded powers of reason and reflection; enables him to exchange the natural consequences of dissolution, the crumbling of the body into its original elements, and its re-appearance under a variety of new forms and combinations, for a hope full of immortality, for the prospect of a joyful resurrection and an entrance into that world wherein dwelleth righteousness, and peace, and love; and which leads him by the light of revelation so to act, as in the presence of Him who judgeth the heart, is acquainted with the most secret thoughts, and in whose strength alone it is that he can walk, so as to please God. [Christian Observer.]

NEW MECHANICAL POWER.—An ingenious mechanic at Brussels, has just applied a new power to mechanics, from which great results appear to be expected. This new power is galvanism. Across a fly-wheel, which is to give motion to the machine, he has placed a metallic bar, previously magnetised by a galvanic pile, and within the attraction of two very powerful magnets. The moment that the bar arrives in a rotary course at the limit of attractive power, and where it would necessarily stand still, the inventor, by the application of galvanism, suddenly converts the attractive into a repulsive power, which continues the motion in the same direction, and by these alterations, well managed, the wheel acquires a rapid rotation. The experiment is said to have been completely successful, and the machine works for a whole hour.

A Paris paper mentions that for some days past, a person has been riding through parts of the city in a car with sails, acted upon by the wind, with entire success. He stopped at several places at pleasure, and appeared to have complete control of the machine. He even mounted a hilly street, with the wind almost "ahead." If things go on thus, steam power will soon be at discount.

SEPULCHRAL CAVE IN SOUTH AMERICA.—In a shady and solitary place, on the declivity of a steep mountain, opens the cave of Atarnipe. It is less a cave than a projecting rock, in which the waters have scooped a great hollow, when, in the ancient revolutions of our planet, they had reached to that height. In this tomb of a whole extinct tribe, were soon counted nearly six hundred skeletons, in good preservation, and arranged so regularly that it would have been difficult to make an error in numbering them. Each skeleton rests upon a kind of basket, formed of the petioles of palms. These baskets, which the natives call *mapires*, have the form of a square bag. Their size is proportional to the age of the dead; and there are even some for infants which had died at the moment of birth. We saw them from ten inches and a half, to three feet six inches and a half in length. All the skeletons are bent, and are so entire that not a rib or a bone of the fingers or toes is wanting. The bones have been prepared in three different ways: whitened in the air and sun, dyed with red otono, a coloring matter obtained from the *Bixa orellana*; or like mummies, covered with odorous resins, and enveloped in leaves of plantain or banana. The Indians related to us that the corpse is first placed in the earth, that the flesh may be consumed by degrees. Some months after, it is taken out, and the flesh that remains on the bones is scraped off with sharp stones. Several tribes of Guiana still follow this practice. Near the *mapires* or baskets there were vases of half-burnt clay, which appear to contain the bones of the

same family. The largest of these vases or funeral urns are three feet two inches high, and four feet six inches long. They are of a greenish-gray color, and have an oval form. The handles are made in the form of crocodiles or serpents, and the edge is encircled by meanders, labyrinths, and grecques, with narrow lines variously combined. [Humboldt.]

THE BALLOON.—A TALE.

"Yes," said a beautiful girl to her brother, as shaded by a protecting elm, on a mid-summer day, they anxiously followed with their eyes the course of their parent a celebrated aeronaut, as he glided through the sky in his gaily decorated balloon, "yes, Harry, I have resolved to gratify father, and on Thursday next take a limited excursion in the aerostat; the pecuniary advantages to him will be great, you know, and the pleasure to me indescribable." "What strange infatuation, my dear sister," said the young man on whose arm she leaned, "I can never give my consent to so rash an exploit. Is it not enough that we must so often witness the danger of our father, without risking the danger of your precious life?" "What danger can there be, prithce," replied the young lady, "in ascending a short distance in the balloon, strongly secured by a cord to the ground! I can return at pleasure. And then how delightful the sensation! Careering through the air like a bird! Such an elevation of mind too as well as body! Oh, how I envy him, yonder in the blue sky," pointing to the balloon, then shining like a golden ball, and just entering a cloud, "to be so far above the world's cares and vexations. Would that I were permitted once, in my mortal shape, to soar away into yon azure realm! Brother, I am weary with this dull, cold spot. I find no variety to charm away the hours; and, alas! what blessings has poverty for her unhappy menials! Oh, what is life, and what are its pleasures?"

"Isabel," replied the brother, "poverty has its blessings, and they are many, whilst health and virtue support the heart. But you are in a strange mood to-day, and since the balloon is beyond our ken, you to dream of a flight through the air, with the sky-lark and the eagle for your companions, and I to doubt and fear that my pretty sister will never catch a husband!" "And why not said the smiling girl, "if I draw my net adroitly for one?" "Why not? surely no man would trust his heart in her keeping who valued not her life in comparison with the gratification of an idle curiosity.—Should you once take your seat in an unnavigable little vessel like that," said he laughing, and pointing to where the balloon last appeared, "you were lost to every one, for no cord whatever, could long confine to the earth, such a quantity of inflated silk as yourself and the balloon would present!"

The reader will now follow us through an expecting crowd, to the interior of a large area, erected for the purpose of inclosing a balloon during the process of inflation, and for the admission of those only, who paid a stipulated sum for the enjoyment of the most interesting spectacle. It was a lovely day in June. The gay flag floated out on a playful zephyr from the upper wall. Fair faces were there; and beaming eyes shone brightly on the busy scene. Delicious strains of music sported on the ear—soft and seemingly imploring sympathy for those about to trust their life to the uncertain wind!—then loud and martial in its tones, as if exulting in their escape from the limitations of the "vale of tears!"

In the centre of the amphitheatre, within a net work, now swelling and tossing from side to side, as if impatient of delay, rose a large and partly inflated balloon. Beside it was a basket of willow, like an infant's cradle, ornamented with blue and pink silk interwoven with garlands of flowers. On a seat, surrounded by friends, some applauding the courage, others the madness which induced the attempt, sat the beautiful Isabel; a full dark habit, flowed in graceful drapery around her graceful figure, and on her head, pressed down over thick dark brown curls, was a riding cap, the visor of which concealed her brow, but not the bright and expressive eyes that glistened in fearful excitement. A wall of human faces smiled around her. The moment came—the car was prepared—the father stepped forth from the net work to lead the now trembling girl to her seat. The long cords were attached to the car, and there was a moment of deathlike stillness. The multitude seemed like statues carved in the attitude of listening. The balloon arose and then there came a shout, long and loud. Her sighs were unheard. A sensation of fear had crept over her spirits, as she beheld the perspiration, and regret possessed her heart. Awhile she floated gracefully above the spectators, but as the wind had increased, it was deemed imprudent any longer to delay her return. An attempt was made to bring back the balloon to the earth; but a sudden flaw struck it, and in the agitation of the moment and the desire to rescue the dear girl, the cord parted and away soared the poor maid amidst the cries and shouts of thousands, who leapt upon the ground and vainly stretched out their arms towards her, as she sat in mute despair, sailing onward, and onward, fast losing sight of the gay green earth, as she reclined almost senseless, on the seat of the car. The sensations of her dear friends, who rushed frantic to their homes, it were useless to attempt delineating. Some, the timid and sensitive of her sex, shrieked and fainted, and others hoped she would find presence of

mind sufficient to descend by the usual means. Thousands stood riveted to the spot, looking in the direction in which the balloon last appeared, a fading spot upon the far blue sky. Beyond the crowd, in a lonely nook, was found her hat, and oh, how painful yet how precious was that memento, to the friends of the loved and lost.

When she first found herself flying at the mercy of the wind away from the earth, after throwing off her hat, in the agony of the moment, she sank in noiseless terror, on the bottom of the car, incapable of making one sign, or uttering one sound. At length a cold chill produced by a change in the atmosphere, penetrated her, and she raised her head in full waking consciousness of the utter helplessness and hopelessness of her situation. There she was, alone, in the deep sky! not a bird—not a sound—but a shadowy ocean of light—a mysterious, unnatural stillness—was around and about her, ever changing and rolling onward, and she rolling amid clouds, as one incorporate with them, yet dreadfully prominent, distinct and alone! She dared not cast her eyes below; her gaze was upward. Wildly and despairingly she breathed a prayer for safety, and with one desperate effort sought the cord that descended from the valve. Alas! her feeble fingers could not accomplish their object. In vain she strove; on, on she went, now rising now sinking, through a mass of formless clouds, till her ears rung with a hollow sound as of water to the brain. Poor child! where now is that world of which thou wert weary—those scenes from which thou wert impatient to depart? Oh, for one look, sobs the airy wanderer—one look at an object in a palpable shape. Could I but hope to die with my kindred, and be buried in the church yard. But no; I shall dash with the whirlwind on the rocky mountain; or the ocean will receive me; till I rise to be judged for my presumption and wickedness. I was happy—I was ungrateful, and thus was I punished. My brain grows giddy. I cannot speak a prayer. I thirst—I thirst—oh, for one sight of a stream, though I be not permitted to drink. Clouds! clouds! unfathomable volumes of vapor, whither do ye bear me? Hark! a sound! a rent, a rent! the gas is pouring forth—the balloon collapses! I whirl, I sink—down—down—Oh! 'twas a frightful dream! [Boston Transcript.]

EMBROIDERING MACHINE.—A very surprising machine constructed in the establishment of M' Koehin is an embroidering machine, which, with great rapidity and the most unerring accuracy, covers the texture of the silk, cotton, or wool, submitted to its operation, with flowers and designs of every hue. That a mere inanimate machine could be capable of carrying on so complicated and delicate a work as embroidery, appears on first consideration, almost an impossibility, and even after seeing some of its beautifully embroidered products, a doubt still lurks in the mind, and one would wish to see it at its handy-work, to be perfectly convinced of the fact.

DUELING.—The following is an extract from an Essay on Duelling published in Charleston in 1830:

"I shall confine my present remarks to the subject of duelling, in favor of which even its advocates can find but few arguments. Since in this enlightened age, we no longer consider success (the soul shudders at the term) as the test of innocence. But how, it may be asked, is an honorable high-minded man to act, who feels hims. If grossly insulted or deeply aggrieved. Is he to sit down tamely under his wrongs and by acquiescence, invite aggression? By no means. Let a Court of Honor be instituted, (a Court of Love has existed, and of the utility of a Court or Chamber of Commerce all are aware) which shall take cognizance of those insults and injuries which are now submitted to the Court of Death. Let it be comprised of men of acknowledged judgment and integrity, from whose opinion there shall be no appeal, and when instances occur where sanguinary measures are adopted, subject the offenders to the outraged laws of their country."

ANECDOTE OF NEWTON.—The principle involved in the following article, deserves serious consideration, especially at the present day, when so many new principles are presented. [Chris. Intel.]

"Have you read my Key to the Romans?" said Dr. Taylor of Norwich, to Mr. Newton. "I have turned it over." "You have turned it over! and is this the treatment a book must meet with, which has caused me many years hard study? Must I be told at last, that you have 'turned it over,' and then thrown it aside? You ought to have read it carefully and weighed deliberately what comes forward on so serious a subject." "Hold! you have cut me out full employment, if my life were to be as long as Methuselah's. I have something else to do in the short day allotted me, than to read whatever any one may think it his duty to write. When I read, I wish to read to good purpose; and there are some books which contradict, on the very face of them, what appear to me to be first principles. You surely will not say I am bound to read such books. If a man tells me he has a very elaborate argument to prove that two and two make five, I have something else to do than to attend to this argument. If I find the first mouthful of meat which I take from a fine looking joint on my table is tainted, I need not eat through it to be convinced I ought to send it away."

NATURAL HISTORY.—The rattle snake finds a superior foe in the deer and the black snake. Whenever a buck discovers a rattle snake in a situation which invites attack, he loses no time in preparing for battle. He makes up within ten or twelve feet of the snake; then leaps forward and aims to sever the body of the snake with his sharp bifurcated hoofs. The first onset is most commonly successful, but if otherwise the buck repeats the trial until he cuts the snake in twain. The rapidity and fatality of his skillful Manœuvre leave but a slight chance for its victim either to escape or to inject its poison into its more alert antagonist. The black snake is a more than equal competitor against the rattle snake. Such is its celerity of motion not only in running, but in entwining itself round its victim, that the rattle snake has no way of escaping from its fatal embrace.

When the black and rattle snakes are about to meet for battle, the former darts forward at the height of his speed, and strikes at the neck of the latter with unerring certainty, leaving a foot or two of the upper part of his own body at liberty. In an instant he encircles him within five or six folds, and looks the strangled gasping foe in the face to ascertain the effects produced upon his constricted body. If he shows signs of life the coils are multiplied and the screws tightened—the operator all the while narrowly watching the countenance of the helpless victim. Thus the two remain thirty or forty minutes—the executioner then slackens one coil noticing at the same time whether any signs of life appear; if so the coil is resumed until the incarcerated wretch is completely dead. The moccasin snake is destroyed in the same way.

NATIONAL FEATURES.—There is a subject for speculation in the appearance of the Seik people, and their general resemblance to each other. As a tribe, they were known 400 years ago; and the features of the whole nation are now as distinct from those of their neighbors, as the Indian and the Chinese. With an extreme regularity of physiognomy, and an elongation of the countenance, they may be readily distinguished from the other tribes. That any nation possessing peculiar customs should have a common manner and character, is easily understood; but that, in a short period of time, some hundred thousand people should exhibit as strong a national likeness, as is to be seen among the children of Israel, is, to say the least of it, remarkable.

[Lieutenant Burne's Journal.]

From the North American Magazine.

ROMANCE READING.—BY DR. BEASLEY.

The excessive excitement of the mind of young people, which is produced by the perusal of novels and romances, speak its own lesson of admonition and instruction. Certainly such exercises of the heart and head should not be frequently repeated. Perpetual excitements of this nature would be as baneful to the mind, as the habitual use of opium or ardent spirits is to the body. It will be perceived, therefore, at once, that I am no friend to the prevailing fashion of consuming so much time, as is commonly devoted by the youth of both sexes, in the perusal of novels and romances. Absolutely to prohibit the reading of any, in the present state of society and manners, would be at once useless, unwise and inexpedient. To be totally ignorant of an amusement which every body partakes, and which forms a subject of such frequent conversation, would often render our situation in company, and that of our associates and relatives, awkward and embarrassing. Besides, opposed as I am to a large consumption of time in this light employment of the understanding, I am rather inclined to think, that if sparingly indulged and properly directed, the perusal of some works of this kind may be even beneficial. That food which would be destructive as our daily aliment, may become innocent and even salutary as a dessert and condiment. The finest models extant of fictitious history have undoubtedly in view the promotion of virtue, and the discouragement of vice. The heroes and heroines, who are exhibited as models for our imitation, are characterized by all the most noble, generous, and amiable qualities; many of them, too, contain not only faithful delineations of human nature, but are replete with lessons of all kinds of wisdom. The *Gil Blas* of Le Sage is, in my estimation, beyond all comparison the finest masterpiece of this nature that was ever published. What a faithful and variegated picture of the manners of Spain, at the period in which the scene is laid, is comprised in it!—how endless is his invention; how rich his coloring; how faithful to his archetypes are all his touches! In this work, we find interspersed throughout its various parts, one of the best dissertations upon the drama and fine writing in general, as well as the most profound reflections upon men and things, that I have ever seen. The only deficiency, which appears to me perceptible in this performance, is the want of a hero who is a model of virtue worthy of our imitation. This circumstance gives its finishing to a piece of this nature, and, without such an ingredient, it fails of its wholesome and important effect. In perusing a work of fictitious, as well as real history, the mind naturally goes in search of an example upon which it shall form itself, and the heart of an object upon which to concentrate its affections. If they find not an unexceptionable model, they are apt to be led to an imitation of that which is imperfect, and perhaps greatly deficient. It is useless to say, as some novelists have done,

when they have displayed a hero who is addicted to follies and vices, that, for perfect characters, they can find no archetypes in nature; and they do not wish to contribute to the production of monsters. If they cannot find a perfect model in nature, they can find its features in their own imaginations; and the moral effect of exhibiting such a character, with sufficiently natural traits to enable us to perceive, at every turn, the great original from which it is copied, is a sufficient recommendation of this method. In this respect, Richardson's *Sir Charles Grandison*, which I hold superior in moral merit to the *Gil Blas*, cannot be too highly commended; *Sir Charles* is a hero modelled in the spirit of gospel morality. The *Don Quixote* and *Arabian Nights* Entertainments, as works of pleasantry and amusement, are inimitable. The novels of Fielding are well written, but defective in their moral impression; those of Smollet, obscene and licentious beyond endurance; and those of Rousseau, pestilent in the highest degree. The deliberate purpose of the last writer is to pervert the understandings, unsettle the principles, and debauch the hearts of his readers. The success, which crowned all the efforts of Rousseau, and the reputation which he gained as an author, prove the preference which mankind give to amusement over instruction. Never was there a writer, from whose pages less solid wisdom and useful information are to be derived; and who, by a captivating and prevailing eloquence, infuses into the mind a more fatal poison. He was more than half a madman himself, and the only method discoverable in his madness is his settled purpose to do mischief.

So far, therefore, (let me be distinctly understood,) from absolutely interdicting this literary amusement, I would even recommend it, under proper restrictions; yet would have all susceptible temperaments very sparingly indulge it. To those who connect with this kind of reading, the perusal and study of the finest writers upon all the most important and interesting subjects which are comprehended within the sphere of human knowledge, the injury derived even from a too liberal indulgence in this is slight, and perhaps the good may be allowed to preponderate over the evil. But I cannot conceive of a more miserable misapplication of the human mind, than to waste its powers, and exhaust its sensibilities, in becoming mere readers of novels. This occupation, too, is particularly deleterious in its effects upon our young women. Their habits of life and opportunities of improvement do not allow them to communicate that vigor to their understandings, which would fortify them against the ill effects of this species of recreation. If their minds are somewhat elevated, their views of things enlarged, and their better feelings awakened and directed against proper objects, by the occasional perusal of a good work of fiction; when they make this the principal employment of their leisure hours, and can relish little or nothing else but those high wrought pictures, crowded and unexpected incidents, and striking characters, with which novels abound, their minds become enervated, their imaginations inebriated with visionary conceptions and images—all solid and useful knowledge becomes unsavory, a distaste for the dull outline of ordinary life is contracted, a sickly taste is formed, and their moral feelings generally are invigorated. They can take an interest only in that ideal world into which their fancy has transported them; while that sober and chastened condition of life, in which Providence has placed them, presents no objects to attract their attention, or excite and engage their sympathies and affections. Now, is this a state of mind in which a Christian woman, whose sanctuary is home, whose hearth is an altar, will be likely to perform to the utmost of her ability, those numerous and all important duties which she owes to society, to her family, to herself and her Creator?

Besides, let it not be neglected to remark, that the greater part of those dangers and evils to which young persons of both sexes and particularly females, are exposed, arise out of the undue influence of the imagination, and the excesses of the passions and affections. To subdue these restive principles of our common nature to the yoke of reason and conscience, is the greatest and noblest object of all the maxims of philosophy, the doctrines and precepts of religion, and the restraints of domestic discipline. Now, the direct tendency of novel reading is to stimulate the imagination which ought to be restrained, to arouse to an excessive and morbid action, those sensibilities which, if they should not be wholly extinguished, ought to be at least repressed and controlled, and to animate the soul with these visionary and fallacious hopes which cannot be indulged without peril.

I have sometimes heard it very confidently affirmed, in defence of novel reading, that romances often contain much useful information, and exhibit specimens of fine style, which improve the mind, and model the taste of the reader. Miserable is that knowledge, indeed, which is to be derived from this source alone. Many persons grow old in devouring this kind of trash, (this ostrich food without nutriment, and incapable of digestion,) and yet are among the most ignorant of their species. With heads filled even to the brim with crudities drawn from a rapid transition from story to story, in endless progression; they have no clear and just conceptions upon any subject, no sound understanding, no correct principles, and no genuine sensibility. Upon the whole, therefore, I must say, that, as the curate and aunt of *Don Quixote* made a bonfire of all the wild romances which had

turned the head of the celebrated chevalier, and saved from the common funeral pile only *Amadis de Gaul*, *Palmerin of England*, and a few others, (and bad enough must they have been, if these by way of distinction, were thought worthy of preservation;) so, if this matter were left to my sole judgment and determination, I would make another bonfire of novels and romances, and, from the general conflagration, would rescue only a few dozen of the most choice productions, in pity to the weakness of those readers who find such infinite gratification in their perusal. By this act, I should deem myself as performing a most useful and important service to my race, though the service might be rewarded with a hurricane of *Phillips* and epigrams, and sentimental dirges over the funeral fire.

CONJUGAL TENDERNES.—I cannot refrain from adding one beautiful illustration of devoted duty and affection in the instance of the Countess Cantalaneiri. The moment she heard that the Count was condemned to death, she flew to Vienna, but the courier had already set out with the fatal mandate. It was midnight: but her agonies of mind pleaded for instant admission to the Empress. The same passionate despair which won the attendants, wrought its effects on their royal mistress. She hastened that moment to the Emperor, and having succeeded, returned to the unhappy lady with a commutation of the sentence: her husband's life was spared. But the death warrant was on its way; could she overtake the courier? Throwing herself into a conveyance and paying four times the amount for relays of horses, she never, it is stated, stooped or tasted food till she reached the city of Milan. The count was preparing to be led to the scaffold; but she was in time—she had saved him. During her painful journey she had rested her throbbing brow upon a small pillow, which she bathed with her tears; in the conflict of mingled terror and hope; for all might be over. This interesting memorial of conjugal tenderness and truth in so fearful a moment, was sent by his Judges to the Count, to show their sense of his wife's admirable conduct.

[Sir W. Jones.]

VARIETIES.—An industrious and virtuous education of children is a better inheritance for them than a great estate. "To what purpose is it," said Crates, "to heap up great estates, and have no concern what manner of heirs you leave them to?"

An artist of Boston, Lincolnshire, is stated to have invented a machine, which can impel a carriage containing himself, at the rate of ten miles an hour and is applicable to all other kinds of machinery.

[English paper.]

Sir William Temple declares that no one was ever a great poet who applied himself much to any thing else.

Matrimony is properly called a *tender point*, for a hand is not unfrequently awarded to the largest tender.

The author of a new work of merit entitled "*Scenes and Recollections of Fly-fishing*," states that "there is not a single angler to be found in Newgate calendar." So much for the good effects of quiet pursuits. The author of this new piscatory book is Stephen Oliver; he is thought to be little inferior to our old friend Izaak Walton.

A public meeting has been called in Cornwall, England for the purpose of erecting a monumental column in Truro the birth-place of Richard Lander, commemorative of his melancholy fate.

A showman of London has got up something about Ross's arctic expedition, and keeps bawling out to his customers, "Walk in, walk in, ladies and gentleman, and you shall behold the valiant Capt Ross a climbing up the great north pole!"

Miss Martineau, the authoress, has arrived at New York, in company with the Rev. Charles Brooks, of Boston. She visits the United States as a friend of civil and religious liberty. It is to be hoped she will not see the vile caricature of her person which the publisher of a monthly periodical has thought proper to promulgate.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, was instituted by Peter the Great. Its library originated in 2500 volumes which the Czar had seized at Mittau in his Swedish campaign. This collection is now estimated to contain 100,000 books. It is remarkable that very many of the pictures of the best masters have found their way to Russia, where a taste for picture galleries exists among the Nobles.

Mr. Hambert gives an account of a regular battle which he witnessed between two species of ants, in which they drew up in regular lines of battle, with reserves, &c. and fought for four hours, taking prisoners, and removing the wounded, till victory decided for one party.

H. L. Bulwer, brother of the celebrated writer of that name, has recently published a work which he entitles "*France: social, literary and political*."

In the London Journals, much praise is bestowed on a new work, entitled "*A Treatise on the Progress of Literature and its effects on Society*," including a sketch of the progress of English and Scottish Literature."

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

A Female Lawyer.—A lady by the name of Bradstreet has for some years been prosecuting claims for lands in the neighborhood of Utica, N. Y., with a zeal and ability which have won her the admiration of the disinterested, and the dread of the occupants of the property in dispute. She claims in right of her grandfather, who held under grants from the proprietary government. The estates are of great value, and embrace many of the most beautiful seats in and around the place above named. For many years, she and her daughter occupied a hut on some of the wild lands comprised in the grants of her grandfather, with a view of retaining their legal possession. While thus situated, their sufferings were great, as the neighbors, in order to rid themselves of such unwelcome residents, refused them even the common necessities of life. Indeed, it is said their lives were frequently threatened, and more than once the humble domicile was fired upon, with the view of ousting them. Driven to the utmost extremity, she offered to compromise her entire claim for \$30,000; the proposition being rejected, she persevered, and being too indigent to employ counsel, she prosecuted her suit herself, arguing dry points of law before courts and juries, with a force and ingenuity which excited the admiration and wonder of both bench and bar. Her efforts at last have been successful; and now, forsooth, the persons in possession have offered her a much larger sum in the way of compromise, than they had scornfully rejected; but she, in turn, has spurned the tender, and determined to trust to the justice of her cause and skill in the law, to assert and vindicate her rights. Resistance to what she conceived to be justly her due, the oppression of those who withheld her property from her, and the indomitable courage of a woman's heart, have made her not only a successful suitor, but a profound lawyer, and special pleader. The pleadings in the various cases are said to be drawn up by herself, and to evince a perfect knowledge of all the forms and intricacies of this most difficult art.

The entire property claimed by her is said to be worth a million of dollars. [United States Telegraph.]

Wild Man.—A wild man has lately been found in the woods and mountains of Hartsfeld in Bohemia, who it is presumed must have been there from infancy. He appears to be about twenty years of age, but he cannot articulate a single word. He bellows, or rather howls, his voice being like that of a dog! He runs on all fours, and the moment he perceives a human being, clambers to the top of a tree like an ape, and jumps from branch to branch with surprising agility. When he sees a bird or other game he pursues it, almost always with success. He has been taken to Prague, but all attempts to tame him have been fruitless, indeed he appears incapable of acquiring the habits of civilized life.

THE FRIGATE POTOMAC.—The frigate Potomac has been completely fitted for sea, and has hauled off from the wharf. She is at anchor in Charles river, and will sail in a few days for the Mediterranean, under the command of Capt. Nicholson. The Potomac is one of the largest frigates in the navy, and since her return from the Pacific has been thoroughly overhauled and repaired under the direction of Com. Elliot. We understand that Thomas Wells, esq., the poet, has been appointed to the office of schoolmaster or chaplain on board this ship. She has a crew of four hundred and fifty men. The greatest attraction of the Navy Yard, we are informed is 'Old Ironsides.' Every visitor is anxious to tread the deck of this fine ship, and to examine her attentively. She has recently been repaired, or more properly speaking, rebuilt, at an expense of 150,000 dollars, and is to be immediately fitted for sea. Her destination is said to be the Pacific ocean. We do not know who is to command her, but as she is as great a favorite with the officers of the Navy as with the people of the country generally, it is supposed there will be several applicants for the situation. The Constitution looks in every respect like a new ship, and she is destined to flourish for many years, and to do the state important service abroad. Almost every one who visits her is anxious to procure a piece of her old timbers, as a memento of the brilliant victories achieved by her three commanders, Hull, Bainbridge, and Stewart, over the enemies of their country. Orders have been received from the Navy commissioners to repair the much talked of figure head of this ship, and to put her in complete order for sea, with all convenient expedition. [Bost. Com. Gaz.]

DISGRACEFUL RIOT.—Yesterday afternoon, about the close of divine service in the churches, a furious fray took place in several streets of our city. Leonard-street, from Broadway to Elm; Elm to Franklin; and Franklin from Elm to Broadway, were thronged by hundreds of riotous and disorderly people—but not, as we are happy to learn, Americans. The contending parties knocked each other down, stamped upon, beat and kicked them when prostrate, with frightful violence. Numbers might be seen fighting at the same time in various directions, and the scene was altogether brutal and disgusting. Our informant, who was an eye-witness, believes there were an hundred fighting at once, and others jumping on them, and he judged that there were 1000 persons looking on and around. There appeared to be more persons engaged than in any of our July riots. This happened near the residence of the Mayor—yet where was he—specially charged with the peace of the city? Where too, were the police? not one of whom was to be seen! It is disgraceful enough to have riots at any time—but such a riot on the Sabbath—in the most public part of our city—carries with it a deep and lasting disgrace. We do not learn that any one of them were arrested; nor, if arrested, do we suppose that any punishment would be inflicted upon them, that should have any possible influence in deterring them from the commission of similar outrages in future. [N. Y. Commercial.]

NOBLE INTREPIDITY.—A gentleman in Philadelphia writes:—"I was on an excursion last week to the neighborhood of the Falls of Schuylkill; and cannot close my letter without mentioning a praiseworthy act, performed by a boy between 12 and 13 years of age, a son of one of our citizens, as I understand, by the name of Owner. It appears that the lad and his cousin, a year or two younger than himself, were return-

ing home in a boat, when at some distance from them, a little girl about 9 years old, fell overboard from another boat, in a very deep part of the river, and at some distance from the shore. The two boys pulled up to the spot, and without hesitating, young Owner sprang overboard and seized the drowning girl after she had sunk the third time, and succeeded in swimming with her to the shore, and restoring her to the arms of her mother, whose screams had by that time brought a number of men to the beach. They were much gratified at the little fellow's intrepidity; offered him money, which he declined taking, observing that he wanted nothing for what he had done; ran home as fast as he could, leaving the by-standers filled with astonishment how so small a boy could possibly perform such an act."

VERY LATE FROM BUENOS AYRES.—Baltimore, Sept. 27.—The brig Brazen Capt. Ruines, arrived at this port on Saturday morning in a very short passage from the River Plate, brings Buenos Ayres advices as late as the 10th of last month, the day after her sailing. Montevideo papers of the 5th state that a party of the Oriental troops had been surprised by commandant Santana; but it was supposed that the misunderstanding occasioned by the late incursion made from the Brazilian frontier, would be amicably arranged.

CHILE.—The active advances over land, from Valparaiso are to the 15th June. The congress had assembled at Santiago on the 6th of the same month, to whom the Message of the President of the republic of Chile was read. It offers congratulations that another year of domestic peace had passed, which had not been for a moment interrupted, notwithstanding the machinations of a few discontented individuals; that the best understanding prevails with the sister republic; and although no accounts had been received of the exchange of ratification of the treaty between the Chilean republic and that of the United States of North America, yet there was every reason to believe it had taken place. The message states that the working of the mines proceeds most prosperously; that the laboratories which exist are insufficient to contain the rich and abundant metallic produce of the province of Coquimbo.

PERU.—The civil war still continued in Peru, but no particulars of moment are furnished. General Nieto had retired to Arica in order to place that town in a state of defence. Some apprehensions were entertained as to the security of foreign property in the port of Arica; but the opinion was that it would be respected, as it had been in the other parts of Peru, and that there was no real motive for alarm.

TUCUMAN.—Accounts from the interior of the Argentine republic state that an attempt had been made to create a revolution in Tucuman, which was to have taken place on 22d June last. It was however discovered, and most of the principal conspirators arrested.

MORTALITY.—Mr. Casper, professor at Berlin, has published a series of observations, tending to show the comparative longevity of persons employed in different occupations. The result of the whole is, that of one hundred clergymen, forty-two reached the age of seventy; of 100 farmers, 40; of 100 military men, 32; of 100 lawyers, 29; and of 100 physicians, only 25. In order to arrive more accurately at the result, he confined his observations to physicians in practice, excluding such as were in a considerable degree occupied by the sciences connected with that of medicine, such as naturalists, surgeons, &c.

THE IMPOSTOR.—The pending examination in the extraordinary case of Matthews, has been postponed from day to day, in consequence of the absence of witnesses from Westchester. The editor of the Albany Evening Journal, speaking of the two edged sword of which the reader has already heard, says he has examined the instrument. Miraculous powers were attributed to it by Matthews. He proclaimed that he used it to sunder the thread of life, and cut off the malignity of disease. It was exceedingly sharp, and on being asked why he kept it so, he remarked "that before he left New York, he prophesied that Mr. Folger would become a Judas, and he had sharpened it for the purpose of giving it to that gentleman to stab himself with, to the full extent of his Judas spirit." [N. Y. Com.]

FROM BERMUDA.—By the Br. Sloop Experiment, Captain Tynes, we have received Bermuda papers to Sept. 16. They contain intelligence from many of the British West India Islands in regard to the operation of the Emancipation Law which went into operation on the 1st of August, and, we are happy to say, it is in general of a favorable character. At St. Christopher's where some disorders had occurred, tranquillity was again restored. In several of the colonies the negroes at first refused to work, but in one way or another their insubordination was speedily subdued. [Ib.]

SHOCKING CATASTROPHE AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.—Extract of a letter, dated Beyrouth, May 11:—"Since writing the above, I am sorry to inform you of a serious loss of life at Jerusalem, in the church of the sepulchre. From 15,000 to 20,000 pilgrims, as I am informed, were assembled this year at the fete. Hundreds of them slept in the church the night before that on which the holy fires appear, and during the day thousands were wedged together within its walls: the aged, and the young,—men, women, and children, standing for hours without sustenance, and inhaling contaminated and glowing atmosphere; at length moans were heard in different parts, and a heaving and great excitement was observed, till, when the flame appeared, the whole mass made a simultaneous movement to the Holy Sepulchre. Thousands of torches were instantly illuminated, the air became rarified as fire, and nature, overstrained and exhausted, gave way; numbers fainted, were bere along, fell and trod upon.

The attempt made to save them precipitated others in their fate. The screams and excitement caused those near the door to seek their escape. Their example was a panic to the whole mass, and now a scene of death and disorder ensued beyond description. Ibrahim Pacha, who had descended to the body of the church, was borne out by overwhelming force in the arms of some men, exhausted and nearly overgone. All consideration for the prostrate and suffering was lost in the wild sense of self-preservation; the young, the aged, women, the fainting and fallen, were trodden under foot by the outrushing multitude, and the last eye

that turned to glance upon the now vacant scene of tumult, beheld the vast aisles of the holy church strewn with the dead and dying pilgrims. The lowest statement gives the loss of 150 lives; one which is respectable, between 200 and 300; and report says that nearly 400 have been lost, and among them many of the Egyptian soldiers and some officers."

GWENFIDD.—We are sorry to observe, in a late Mobile paper, an announcement of the death of Mr. Thomas Lloyd Jones, a native of Holywell, Flintshire, Wales, aged 24. Mr. Jones, (whose fame as one of Cambria's sweetest poets had for some time preceded him) arrived in the United States, but two years ago, bearing with him two valuable medals, the proud reward of his literary skill, and the admiration of the literati and assembled nobles and other principal individuals of his native land. One of them was placed around his neck by the Princes Victoria, on his proving to be a successful competitor at the Beaumaris Eistedd or Literary Festival, which was instituted for the encouragement and elicitation of literary genius, and afforded one of the proudest and most splendid days which ancient Britain ever saw. There were assembled her beauty, her talent, her worth—and he that bore off the palm must indeed possess merit of an uncommon order. Such was Mr. Jones—his writings, under the title of Gwenfydd, have adorned the pages of several of our journals—and his early death will be lamented not only by his admiring personal friends, but the lovers of genius and worth in our own and in his native land.

SUMMARY.—The value of real and personal estate in the city and county of New York, by the estimate of this year's assessment, amounts to one hundred and eighty millions of dollars!!

The officers and crew of the U. S. frigate United States, were all well at Vourla, July 12, but on account of the plague, had little or no intercourse with the shore.

The Museum at Philadelphia was robbed a few days since, between 12 and 1 o'clock in the day time, of gold and silver coins, of the kings and queens of England, several curious medals, including one made from the bolt of the Bastille, and a great many Brazilian and Chilean coins, &c.

The British government has presented to 21 libraries in our country 24 folio volumes each, containing a collection of state papers.

In the British House of Commons, Sir Samuel Whalley gave notice that he intended to move, at the next Session of Parliament, to bring in a bill for the abolition of Hereditary Peerage.

A music master of Warsaw, while walking recently with his four children on the banks of the Vistula, in a fit of frenzy, probably, threw his children into the river, and then himself. They all perished but the youngest child.

There are seventy-eight chartered colleges and universities in the United States—about forty-five to every million of inhabitants.

The American Quarterly Register says there are 14,000 clergymen in the United States.

The New-England anti-slavery society have issued an address to the people of the United States, which will do much to reduce the excitement now prevailing.

O'Connell is called "the liberator of Ireland, the friend of universal liberty, and the terror of tyrants all over the globe."

The equestrian bronze statue of George IV. by Chantrey, and which cost 9000 guineas, is to be placed over the entrance of St. James's Park.

A letter from Pictou, of the 11th ult. states that the ship Sybelle, of Liverpool, from Cromarty, for Quebec, with 316 emigrants, has been lost on St. Paul's Island, and all the emigrants perished. Six of the crew saved themselves in the boat and had just arrived at Pictou.

Three adjoining frame buildings were destroyed by fire in Pottsville, Pa., on Friday morning, in the quarter of the borough inhabited by black people. The building in which the fire broke out was unoccupied at the time, leading to the belief that the mischief was caused by an incendiary.

A Lieutenant Colonel of militia at Dover, N. H., having ordered the regiment to parade without the consent of the Col., a scene of great confusion ensued between them and the general, officers and men, who were pelted off the ground with rotten eggs, &c., by the mob, but finally rallied and remained masters of the field.

The king of Denmark has formally pronounced the separation of the crown Prince from his wife the princess; and a decree depriving him of the right of succession to the throne was about to appear.

It appears by the Wesleyan Journal published in Maine, that the present number of Methodist Clergymen in the world is upwards of three thousand, and the members of that church more than a million. The first Methodist Conference was held June 25th, 1774, in London, and the number of Methodist preachers at that time throughout the world only six.

Mr. Jno. Poingdestre, an English merchant, while shooting with his pistol at a mark in the Tivoli Gardens, Paris, suddenly turned the pistol towards his mouth and deliberately shot himself.

Wm. E. Frothingham, a lad of 12 or 15 years of age, has been sentenced at Newburyport to ten years imprisonment in the State Prison, for attempting to kill his cousin, a young man who slept in the room with him. He had repeatedly threatened him and watched his opportunity for some time sleeping with a razor under his pillow, and finally made the attempt to kill him, by cutting his throat in a horrid manner, and leaving him for dead. The young man, however, recovered.

The Rev. Jesse Nicholson, Postmaster at Portsmouth, Virginia died there Sept. 26. He was a brave soldier of the revolution.

Elias Horry, Esq. President of the South Carolina Rail Road Company, and a highly respectable citizen of Charleston, died lately in that city. Mr. Horry had been frequently a member of the Legislature of that State.

Professor Silliman has completed his course of Geological lectures at Lowell, on which occasion his class presented him with some very beautiful specimens of the manufactures of that place.

Bermuda papers to the 16th September state that the disturbances which took place when the Emancipation Law first went into operation had generally subsided.

A week or two since, at East Sudbury, (Mass.) a singular instance of death from a trifling cause occurred. Mr. Benjamin Swain, of that place, stumbled and in the fall slightly wounded his under lip with his teeth, at 7 o'clock on Sunday, 14th ult. from which he continued to bleed, notwithstanding the best medical aid, until his death, which took place at 6 o'clock on the morning of the following Tuesday.

A Fatal accident occurred during the late fire, in Utica. Mr. R. Williams, a Welchman, fell into the well of Mr. Rudolph Snyder, and was not discovered until a few days since, when he had risen and his feet were seen protruding out of the water. Mr. Williams' habits were irregular.

The Boston papers state that their city is infested with a band of robbers of the most daring character.

A survey has been made, and the report upon it by the engineers is favorable, for the construction of a rail road from Columbia, S. C. to Branchville. Its distance is computed at 61 miles, and the cost including cars, depots, and all contingencies, is put down at \$553,000.

Beds of oyster shells have been found in various parts of East Florida, twelve or fifteen feet below the surface of the soil, showing that this region was at some time covered by the sea.

Several persons have been indicted at Clarksburgh, Va., for perjury and forgery, committed for the purpose of obtaining pensions under the acts of the laws of the United States.

A London paper informs us that the old ship the Discovery, in which Capt. Cook sailed round the world, was some time since removed from Woolwich, and is now moored off Deptford as a receiving ship for convicts.

A letter has been received from the Secretary of the Navy by Lieutenant William S. Harris, late first Lieutenant of the U. S. ship St. Louis, expressing pleasure on the communication of the sentence of the Court Martial lately held on board the U. S. ship Java, in his case, which fully and honorably acquits him of the charges and specifications alleged against him.

[Norfolk Beacon.]

The store of Mr. Charles Hosmer, at Hartford, Ct. was entered, by false keys, a few nights since, and robbed of paper and silver money, silver pencil cases and other articles to the amount of above \$1200.

James Fulham, porter to the western Bank, absconded last week, with three or four thousand dollars in specie, which it is supposed he abstracted from the vault of the Bank at different times.

[American Sen.]

Accounts from Louisiana and Mississippi, state that the sugar crop is uncommonly promising this year, but that cotton has been somewhat injured by late heavy rains.

[Charleston Cour.]

A man has been arrested in Boston, supposed to be the principal, or an accomplice, of the Norfolk Bank robbery at Roxbury. His name is Thomas Slater, and in his possession were found "implements of the art," 400 Mexican dollars, and \$400 in Norfolk Bank bills, old emission. There is no doubt the fellow was either a principal or an accomplice in the robbery.

A cotton factory has been started at Augusta, Geo. When in full operation it is to run 2000 spindles.

The Governor of Pennsylvania has appointed Friday, the 21st of November next, for the execution of Charles Bowman, lately convicted of murder at West Chester.

The figure of an individual was burnt in effigy at East Cambridge, who was suspected to have given information against individuals concerned in the burning of the Ursuline Convent.

Mr. T. Moore, publisher of the Philadelphia Price Current, has invented a very neat little balance, by which counterfeit half and quarter eagles may be at once detected, whether their variation be in size or weight or both. The United States Gazette declares—"It is infallible, and deserves attention. The balance is strong, not liable to get out of repair, and as portable as a piece of tobacco."

On the 16th ult. Mr. Daniel Denny, one of the oldest and most respectable inhabitants of South Middleton township, Pa., was thrown from his horse with so much violence that his skull was fractured, and he was otherwise so much injured as to occasion his death the following day.

As the steamer De Witt Clinton was coming to the wharf at Hudson on Monday evening, one of the tiller ropes broke, and fell upon and stove in the stern of a lumber loaded sloop, when the sloop immediately went down.

[Journal of Com.]

A meeting of unusual interest was held last week at Murray street church, New York, on the occasion of taking leave of the Rev. Messrs. Reed and Matheson, who have been for nearly six months in this country as delegates from the Congregational Union of England and Wales. The speakers in addition to the gentlemen named above, were Rev. Mr. Patten of New York, Dr. Miller of Princeton, Mr. Abeel, missionary to China, and Dr. Fly of Philadelphia. Mr. Spencer of Brooklyn, and Dr. Beecher of Cincinnati, were prevented from speaking by the lateness of the hour.

The brain of the late eminent and distinguished philosopher and phrenologist, Dr. Spurzheim, is now in the possession of Dr. Wm. Grigg, sealed up in a glass vase of alcohol.

The President has recognised William H. Aspinwall as Vice Consul of Tuscany, for the city of New York.

Don Miguel Tacou, Governor General of Cuba, has expressed in the strongest terms his determination to put an end to all gambling, and threatens to enforce without mercy all the penalties of the laws on that subject against any who shall be found guilty.

Jean O. Bren dit Deroches, was executed on Friday week, at Montreal, for the murder of his sister-in-law.

The different Marine Insurance Companies in the city of New York will allow a deduction of five per cent on the nett premiums which may be taken hereafter on vessels and on the outfits of vessels and on Whaling and Sealing Voyages, terminating without loss—Provided the master and mate make affidavit, after the termination of the risk, that no ardent spirits had been drunk on board the vessel by the officers and crew during the term for which the vessel or outfits were insured.

A barn and carriage house in Detroit, belonging to the new residence of the late Governor Porter, were destroyed by fire on the evening of the 23d ult.—loss \$1500—cause not known.

We are glad to learn that official advices have reached the War Department, stating the return of Col. Dodge and his command from the expedition they have been engaged in, after the successful accomplishment of the object in view. An interesting Diary of the Expedition has been transmitted, which will be copied for publication.

A heavy rain commenced on the Mississippi, in the region of Natchez, on Tuesday, the 2d ult., and continued until the Sunday following. On the intervening Friday and Saturday a violent gale was experienced which "prostrated every thing" and caused an immense destruction of crops for a great distance along the Mississippi.

We learn from the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer that on Thursday, at the launch of the Echo, a small boat, containing two men and one woman, being near her stern, was drawn into a position where it was capsize in the whirl occasioned by recoil of the surges in the wake of the vessel—by which means one of the men was unfortunately drowned.

An individual lately brought his action against the town of Northfield, Mass. for the recovery of damages arising to the plaintiff from a defective bridge belonging to that town—his stage coach having been destroyed last spring in passing over it. The jury found the actual damages to be \$231. Which being doubled by the Court according to the statutory provisions, the town was mulcted four hundred and sixty-two dollars, for their carelessness.

A carpenter's shop, a cabinet maker's shop, and three tenements occupied by colored people, were burnt down in Baltimore on the night of the 23th ult. During the fire a disturbance took place, at which Mr. Schwatka, an officer of the New-Market Engine Company was shot in the mouth with a pistol ball, but not dangerously injured.

LITERARY INQUIRER,

And Repertory of Literature, Science & General Intelligence.

BUFFALO, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 8, 1831.

BUFFALO INTELLECTUAL RETREAT.—We cheerfully comply with the request of S. KINGSLEY, Esq., Principal of the "Buffalo Intellectual Retreat," to announce to our readers and the citizens generally, that a public examination of the pupils in the Institution will take place on Monday and Tuesday next, Oct. 13 and 14, from 10 to 1 o'clock, and from 2 to 4. Public speaking and recitations, for the improvement of the pupils, on the evening of the 14th, commencing at half-past seven. The friends of intellectual improvement are respectfully and earnestly solicited to attend.

GENEVA COLLEGE.—The Trustees have recently established a Medical Department of the college. The graduation fee is \$20, which is to be appropriated for the purchase of a medical library, an anatomical museum, &c. The following gentlemen have been appointed professors and curators:—

Faculty of Medicine.—Dr. E. Cutbush, professor of chemistry; Dr. W. Parker, professor of anatomy and physiology; Dr. T. Spencer, professor of the institutes and practice of surgery; Dr. C. B. Coventry, professor of obstetrics and materia medica; and Dr. A. Coleman, professor of medical jurisprudence and botany.

Curators.—Drs. B. Burwell and J. Trowbridge, Erie county; Drs. W. Taylor and S. Porter, Onondaga co.; Drs. J. T. Pitney and C. King, Cayuga co.; Dr. A. Cray, Cattaraugus co.; Dr. H. Mitchell, Chenango co.; Dr. John Coates, Genesee co.; Dr. Eli Hill, Steuben co.; Dr. J. Shuler, Niagara co.; Dr. O. Nickison, Orleans co.; Dr. R. Welles, Ontario co.; Dr. J. B. Elwood, Monroe co.; Dr. J. McCall, Oneida co.; Dr. S. Ely, Otsego co.; Drs. Nathan Boyington and J. D. Higgins, Drs. S. P. Bishop and G. W. Phillips, Tompkins co.

GREECE.—The friends of this interesting country will be gratified to learn that the government are actively engaged in making arrangements for the education of the youth of both sexes. In the schools at Athens, under the charge of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hill, missionaries from the Protestant Episcopal church, there were, according to the last accounts, about five hundred scholars—two hundred and fifty in the infant school, about one hundred and fifty large girls and a hundred boys. In a letter

recently received from Mrs. Hill, that lady says:—"Twelve girls are to be placed at the Institution under our charge, to be educated for teachers at the expense of the government. This measure will, we hope, stimulate the friends of the work we are engaged in to greater exertions for its support and extension. There are no bounds to the good that may be done here if the means are provided. The work in Athens alone demands another family."

FAMINE IN THE EAST INDIES.—We regret to learn, from an article in the last number of the Asiatic Journal, that a desolating famine was prevailing in the East Indies. It is said to have been so extensive and severe, that mere individual efforts to afford relief, could produce no effect towards checking the calamity. Owing to the continuance of the famine in Cashmere, it is calculated that upwards of twenty-five thousand individuals have perished through want since the mismanagement of this fine country first commenced with Bysakha Sing. At present the whole of this subahdry appears to be completely depopulated; the severity of the famine had reached to that extent, that parents were selling their offspring to procure a day's subsistence, and in some instances had actually devoured them!!

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL.—This is the title of a new work just published by the Harpers, which will, it is said, be of high and lasting value to the cause of elementary instruction. We learn from the N. Y. Commercial, that Mr. Taylor, the author, has devoted to the cause several years of arduous labor. He has travelled extensively through the country, and made thorough investigations of the character of our common schools, and their great and manifold defects. The results of his inquiries, and the fruits of his observations and experience, are embodied in the work.

GRANVILLE INSTITUTION.—One of our subscribers in the state of Alabama lately directed us to send his paper to Granville, O., he having become a student of the literary and theological institution in that village, with the existence and merits of which, he might, he said, have remained unacquainted but for the editorial notice and advertisement in the Literary Inquirer. It affords us unfeigned pleasure to learn that the institution is in so flourishing a condition.

CANADIAN CONFERENCE.—We learn from the Toronto Christian Guardian, that the Rev. Geo. Marsden has been appointed by the British Conference to come out again as president of the Canadian Conference. He was to leave England for Upper Canada immediately after the close of the British Conference, which commenced in London the last Wednesday in July. Mr. Marsden is doubtless on his way before this time.

ANNIVERSARIES.—The thirteenth annual meeting of the New York Baptist State Convention will be held at Utica, on the 15th inst. Introductory sermon by the Rev. Mr. Welch, of Albany, or the Rev. Dr. Comstock, of Rochester. The Board will meet on the 13th inst.

The first annual meeting of the General Convention of Western Baptists will be held at Cincinnati on the 5th of November next.

MONTHLY CONCERT.—A proposition has been made to change the time of holding the monthly concert of prayer for missions, from the first Monday evening in each month to the first Sunday evening. The plan has already gone into operation in many places, and will, if generally adopted, ensure a larger attendance at this important service.

The letter from the Rev. CHARLES STUART, which will be found on the third page, was intended for our last number, but we did not receive it until that paper had gone to press.

The President of the United States reached Washington, in good health, on Tuesday evening of last week.

TRIAL OF JOSEPH DAMON.—At the court of Oyer and Terminer held at Mayville last week, his honor Judge Gardiner presiding, came on the trial of Joseph Damon, of this town, for the murder of his wife in April last, by blows inflicted upon her head with a bar of iron about two feet long. The prosecution was conducted by S. A. Brown, Esq. District Attorney, assisted by Sheldon Smith, Esq. of Buffalo, and the defence by James Mullett and Jacob Houghton, Esqrs. of this village. The trial occupied two days, and excited a great deal of interest, the Court house being continually crowded, and many being unable to gain admittance. The prisoner had a fair and impartial hearing, and was most ably defended by his counsel, but the facts and atrociousness of the crime were entirely against him, and the Jury, after about an hour's deliberation brought in a verdict of *Guilty*. The principal ground of defence was the plea of insanity, but this was not sustained beyond the evidence of the prisoner's own connexions.

The prisoner manifested at the time the verdict was brought in, as he had from the time the crime was committed, an utter indifference as to the result, and exhibited less concern than almost any spectator.

[Fredonia Censor.]

POETRY.

STANZAS.—BY J. G. WHITTIER.

"The despotism which our fathers could not bear in their native country is expiring, and the sword of justice in her reformed hands has applied its exterminating edge to slavery. Shall the United States—the free United States, which could not bear the bonds of a king, cradle the bondage which a king is abolishing? Shall a republic be less free than a monarchy? Shall we, in the vigor and buoyancy of our manhood, be less energetic in righteousness, than a kingdom in its age?"

"Genius of America! Spirit of our free institutions—where art thou? How art thou fallen, oh Lucifer! son of the morning—how art thou fallen from Heaven! Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming!—The kings of the earth cry out to thee, Ah!—art thou become like unto us?"

[Dr. Pollen's Address.]

[Speech of Rev. S. J. May.]

Our fellow countrymen in chains!

Slaves—in a land of light and law!—
Slaves—crouching on the very plains
Where rolled the storm of Freedom's war!
A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood—
A wail where Camden's martyrs fell—
By every shrine of patriot blood,
From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!

By storied hill and hallowed grove,
By mossy wood and marshy glen,
Whence rang of old the rifle shot,
And hurrying shout of Marion's men!—
The groan of breaking hearts is there—
The falling lash—the fetter's clank!
Slaves—Slaves are breathing in the air
Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank!

What, ho!—our countrymen in chains!—
The whip on Woman's shrinking flesh!
Our soil yet reddening with the stains,
Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh!
What! mothers from their children riven!
What! God's own image bought and sold!—
Americans to market driven
And bartered as the brute for gold!

Speak!—shall their agony of prayer
Come thrilling to our hearts in vain?
To us—whose fathers scorned to bear
The paltry menace of a chain!—
To us—whose boast is loud and long
Of holy liberty and light—
Say, shall these wretched slaves of Wrong
Plead vainly for their plundered Right?

What shall we send, with lavish breath,
Our sympathies across the wave,
Where manhood on the field of death
Strikes for his freedom, or a grave?
Shall prayers go up—and hymns be sung
For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning—
And millions hail with pen and tongue
Our light on all her altars burning?

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,
By Vendôme's pile and Schœnbrunn's wall,
And Poland, grasping on her lance,
The impulse of our cheering call?
And shall the slave, beneath our eye,
Clank o'er our fields his hateful chain?
And toss his fettered arms on high,
And groan for Freedom's gift, in vain?

Oh say, shall Prussia's banner be
A refuge for the stricken slave;
And shall the Russian serf go free
By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave;
And shall the wintry-bosomed Dane
Relax the iron hand of pride,
And bid his bondmen cast the chain
From fettered soul and limb, aside?

Shall every flap of England's flag
Proclaim that all around are free,
From "farthest Ind" to each blue crag
That beetles o'er the Western Sea?
And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,
When Freedom's fire is dim with us,
And round our country's altar clings
The damning shade of slavery's curse?

Go—let us ask of Constantine
To loose his grasp on Poland's throat—
And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line
To spare the struggling Salote.
Will not the scorching answer come
From turbaned Turk, and fiery Russ—
"Go, loose your fettered slaves at home,
Then turn and ask the like of us!"

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
The Christian's scorn—the heathen's mirth—
Content to live the lingering jest
And by-word of a mocking earth?
Shall our own glorious land retain
That curse which Europe seems to bear?
Shall our own brethren drag the chain
Which not even Russia's menials wear?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,
From grey-beard's old to fiery youth,
And on the nation's naked heart
Scatter the living coils of Truth.
Up—while ye slumber, deeper yet
The shadow of our sin is growing—
Up—while ye pause, our sin may set
In blood, around our altars flowing!

Oh rouse ye—ere the storm comes forth,
The gathered wrath of God and man,
Like that which waded Egypt's earth,
When hail and earth above it ran.
Hear ye no warnings in the air?
Feel ye no earthquake underneath?
Up, up! why will ye slumber where
The sleeper only wakes in death?

Up now for Freedom! not in strife
Like that your sternest fathers saw,
The awful waste of human life;
The glory and the guilt of war!
But break the chain; the yoke remove,
And smite to earth oppression's rod,
With those mild arms of Truth and Love,
Made mighty through the living God!

Prone let the shrine of Moloch sink,
And leave no traces where it stood,
Nor longer let its idol drink
His daily cup of human blood:
But rear another altar there,
To truth and love and mercy given,
And Freedom's gift and Freedom's prayer
Shall call an answer down from Heaven!

DEATH.—The period prescribed for its duration being at length completed, and the ends of its existence accomplished, the fabric can no longer be sustained, and preparation must be made for its inevitable fall. In order to form a correct judgment of the real intentions of nature, with regard to this last stage of life, its phenomena must be observed in cases which the system has been wholly entrusted to the operation of her laws. When death is the simple consequence of age, we find that the extinction of the powers of life observes an order the reverse of that which was followed in their evolution. The sensorial functions, which

were the last perfected, are the first which decay; and their decline is found to commence with those mental faculties more immediately dependent on the physical conditions of the sensorium, and more especially with the memory, which is often much impaired, while the judgment remains in full vigor. The next faculties which usually suffer from the effects of age are the external senses; and the failure of sight and of hearing still farther contributes to the decline of the intellectual powers, by withdrawing the occasions for their exercise. The actual demolition of the fabric commences whenever there is a considerable failure in the functions of assimilation; but the more immediate cause of the rapid extinction of life is usually the impediment which the loss of the sensorial power necessary for maintaining the movements of the chest creates to respiration. The heart, whose pulsations gave the first indications of life in the embryo, generally retains its vitality longer than any other organ; but its powers being dependent on the constant oxidation of the blood in the lungs, cannot survive the interruption of this function; and on the heart ceasing to throb, death may then be considered as complete in every part of the system. It is an important consideration, with reference to final causes, that generally long before the commencement of this

[Last scene of all

That ends this strange eventful history.]

the power of feeling has wholly ceased, and the physical struggle is carried on by the vital powers alone, in the absence of all consciousness of the sentient being, whose death may be said to precede, for some time, that of the body. In this, as well as in the gradual decline of the sensorial faculties, and the consequent diminution both of mental and of physical sensibility in advanced age, we cannot fail to recognise the wise ordinances of a superintending and beneficent providence, kindly smoothing the path along which we descend the vale of life, spreading a narcotic mantle over the bed of death, and giving to the last moments of departing sensation the tranquillity of approaching sleep.

DIFFICULTIES OF EDITORS.—The truth is, an editor cannot step without treading on somebody's toes. If he expresses his opinion fearlessly and frankly, he is arrogant and presumptuous. If he states facts without comment, he dare not avow his sentiments. If he conscientiously refuses to advocate the claims of an individual to office, he is accused of personal hostility. A jackanapes, who measures off words in verse as a clerk does tape, by the yard, hands him a parcel of stuff that jingles like a handful of rusty nails and a gimlet, and if the editor is not fool enough to print the nonsense—"stop my paper, I won't patronize a man that's no better judge of poetry." As if it was patronage to buy a paper at about half more than so much waste paper would cost. One murmurs because his paper is too literary; another, because it is not literary enough. One grumbles, because the advertisements engross too much room—another complains that the paper is too large, he can't find time to read it all. One wants a type so small that a microscope would be indispensable in every family—another threatens to discontinue his paper unless the letters are half an inch long—and an old lady offered an additional price for a paper that should be printed with such type as are used for hand-bills.

Every subscriber has a plan of his own for conducting a journal, and the labor of Sisyphus was recreation when compared with that of an editor who undertakes to please all.

[Greensborough Patriot.]

TRANSCRIPT OF NEWS.

ENGLAND.—Parliament, it is said, will not be called together until the end of next January, and that all the great ministerial measures will be laid before the house soon after its assembling. A company is in the course of formation for the construction of a railway from London to Norwich. The line is intended to be through Romford, Brentwood, Ingrave, Chelmsford, Wingham, Colchester, Ipswich and Barry.

A court-martial is ordered to assemble to try A. Lawrence, surgeon of the Buzzard, on a charge of drunkenness. Medical men, we regret to learn, concur in stating that there is more sickness at this time in London, than has been at any preceding period of the year. The supplies of wheat in Mark-lane, during the week ending August 23, were larger than in any former similar period since the year 1821. Advances have been received from Gibraltar, under date of the 9th ultimo, stating that the cholera had ceased, and clean bills of health had been issued. A prospectus for establishing a new patent soap company has been issued at Birmingham, a "valuable substance or compound," for which a patent has been granted, to be employed in the manufacture: the capital to be £250,000, in £5 shares. The Queen had returned to England from her visit to Holland and Germany.

The Slave Trade.—On the 14th of June, E. M. brig Charybdis, captured a large brig called the Tamaga, under Portuguese colors, in the Bight of Benin, with 444 slaves on board, with which she proceeded to Sierra Leone.

Mont Blanc.—The summit of Mont Blanc was reached on the 18th ult., by two travellers from Savoy, who in their descent were enveloped in a storm so tremendous that they nearly perished with cold and exhaustion.

On Monday the 18th of August, the working builders struck throughout the Metropolis, rather than sign a declaration required by the masters, that they do not and will not belong to

the Trade's Union societies. The masters are resolved to persevere.

Conversions to Protestantism.—The Cork Herald states that the Rev. Mr. Nolan, who took such a leading part in the public controversial discussions in Ireland, and who was the intimate friend of Dr. Doyle, is reported to have resigned his parish in the diocese of Leighlin, and conformed to the doctrines of the Established church. Transubstantiation is the groundwork of his objection to the tenets of the church of Rome.

A Short Assize.—The whole-business of the Westmoreland Assizes occupied but two hours. At the termination of the last case, Lord Lyndhurst, looking at the Jury said, 'Gentlemen, you are discharged;' and then at the bar, 'Gentlemen, I am sorry to say, you are discharged also.' The 'gentlemen of the long-robe,' who wore very long faces, smiled, bowed, and retired.

Lord Chief Justice Denman, on pronouncing sentence of death upon Sampson, at the late Wells Assizes, did not conform to the judicial custom of putting on the black cap; an omission which, having also occurred in other parts of the present Western Circuit, affords a presumption that this feature of the Judge's awful duty is in future to be dispensed with. The Munster Summer Assizes circuit has terminated, and the result is—two executions only; one for murder, at Ennis, another man for the same at Tralee. None at Limerick or Cork. The Oxford Circuit has just concluded. Although it extends over eight counties, no person has been sentenced to death.

The demand for money in the London market had increased, and the Bank had given notice that they would require an advanced rate of interest. A destructive fire had taken place in Liverpool, near the Salt House dock, on the premises of Messrs. Clarke and Nixon, ship builders. Mr. Braham, the celebrated vocalist, was alive and well, the story of his death proves to have been an hoax.

Hops.—All the advices from the plantations are very favorable. The vines are daily gaining strength, and there was every prospect of an abundant picking. Bets on the duty were done no Wednesday in the Borough at £135,000.

The accounts of the progress of the harvest both in Scotland and in Ireland are most encouraging.

CHOLERA IN DUBLIN.—The authorities of the city have been compelled to re-open the Metropolitan Hospital at Grange-Gorman lane, for the reception of cholera patients. No less than one hundred and fifty-eight new cases in the city were announced on the 16th of Aug. One of these was a poor woman expired on the footpath in Marlborough-street, having been refused all ingress by the affrighted inmates of the houses in whose vicinity she was seized with the symptoms of this dreadful disorder. Accounts from Castlebar, county of Mayo, speak of the speed with which sufferers are now carried off there with astonishment. The physicians say, that the attacks of this season much more resemble the Asiatic cholera than those of 1832.

FRANCE.—The Paris papers contain no domestic intelligence of importance. The police had been hoaxed with a report that Don Carlos was concealed in Paris. A search had been made; but, of course, without success. Prince Talleyrand was on the point of leaving England on a visit to Paris.

SPAIN.—The accounts from the North of Spain as to the state of the war there, are quite of a contradictory nature. On the whole it would seem however, that the Queen's General, Rodil, was in pursuit of Don Carlos, and that the latter was afraid to measure his length with him. Some letters from the Capital speak of the state of the public mind in Old Castile, in desponding terms. The deaths by cholera, in Madrid, were at times as much as six hundred a day.

PORTUGAL.—Don Pedro and his daughter had returned to Lisbon from their journey to Oporto, and measures preparatory to the session of a legislative body in Lisbon were in progress. Great dissatisfaction prevailed among the British troops in the Portuguese service in consequence of large arrears of pay, it is said, being due to them. Some accounts say that arrangements were making to send them back to England.

GREECE.—It appears from the elaborate correspondence of a London paper, that Russian intrigue is very active in Greece, and that some time must elapse before the throne of Otho can be so firmly established as to ensure that unsettled people the benefits of a stable and good government. The same paper contains the act of accusation and sentence of death upon Colocotroni and Coliopolos, in respect to whose trial an explanatory note of considerable length has been addressed to the ministers of foreign powers resident in Greece.

RUSSIA.—**Dreadful Conflagration.**—Tula, one of the largest, handsomest, and most populous Russian provincial capitals, was desolated on the 11th of July, by a dreadful conflagration. Nine churches, 670 private buildings, and numerous manufactories, markets and magazines were reduced to ashes. Many thousands of inhabitants have lost all their property. The emperor has given 100,000 rubles to relieve their wants.

Balloon Excursion.—On Wednesday Mr. Eugene Robertston made his promised ascent into the regions of air. The weather was not auspicious, but having twice disappointed the public, he resolved that it should be 'neck or nothing.' Fortunately, although it was what we call in this climate 'a dull day,' the elements were not averse to his intrusion among them. The clouds put on a ferocious aspect, but the winds lay still to witness the 'experiment.' The buoyant vehicle cleared the garden without difficulty, and ascended slowly but majestically to a height of near six hundred feet. For a long time it hovered over the city, and was visible till obscured by the darkness of evening. About two o'clock on the following morning the aeronaut, and Mr. Edge who accompanied him returned to Castle Carden, having descended in safety near Newtown, on Long Island. [Com.]

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